

caper



CAPER'S FOURTEEN SEPTEMBER FEATURES

ARTICLES

- 10 Under the Devil's Tail *by Saul Heller*
 18 Baldness Without the Bull *by Paul Brock*
 22 How to Party Five Days and Wake Up in Acapulco
 36 What? No Girls? *by David Jacobs*
 63 Books and Records *by the editors*

FICTION

- 2 The Bell *by Gene Lees*
 26 A Way to Make a Living *by Richard Baird*
 45 Rendered Harmless *by Adobe James*

PICTORIAL

- 6 She'd Sooner Sauna
 13 Where There's a Will
 30 Big Girl Lost
 40 Masterpieces in a Water Closet
 50 Hurling—Home Style
 54 More Monica

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THE BELL

zingshen

**What makes
a TV
producer
run naked
into the
streets?
A story by
Gene Lees.**

The first thing Booker Carlyle did in his new apartment was to dismantle the doorbell and muffle it with electrician's tape. He had a thing about bells, and not without cause. A bell had made the latter years of his childhood a nightmare.

His mother, he realized as soon as he was old enough to think back on it with insight, had given nothing to his father. Stern and disapproving, she had lived her life with her legs crossed. His father, a lonely man born for defeat, had scurried from one affair to another, always coming home in the end like a shamed dog, to be whipped by the woman's scorn. Booker knew now that she had taken a sick pleasure from the man's philandering. It had given her an excuse for punishing him, and punishing had been the chief joy of her icy life. Booker remembered her too well: thin-faced, thin-lipped, well-bred and handsome, with the pleasureless eyes of the moralist.

When she contracted Parkinson's disease, she managed to convey to Booker and his father the feeling that it was somehow their fault. As her illness progressed, she tightened the screws of their guilt until their pain exceeded hers.

Eventually she was confined to bed. A hospital bell was installed. Its button was always in her hand. When she pressed it, it set off three bells—one in the kitchen, one in the garage (in case Booker or his father might have gone there to tinker and find a moment's surcease) and one in the bedroom Booker now shared with his father. The house would be at quiet and all at once the bells would go off, screaming through its rooms, shrill, nasal and accusing. Booker would run to her and her eyes would tell him he was worthless because all men were filthy animals and his own father more filthy than any of them, after which she would say what she wanted. She rang constantly, sometimes from real need but most often from whim.

In time she could move only her head and hands. After she lost the power of speech, she communicated entirely through her bell. One ring meant *water*; two meant *put up the blinds*; two longs and a short meant *turn on the radio*. She would lie there, a living corpse, a pale mummy on pale sheets in a sunlit room, her hate filling the air like a mephitic vapor, her eyes pounding, pounding, pounding his guilt into him. To this day sunny rooms made Booker Carlyle uneasy, which was why his new apartment was in a basement. He wanted to live as remote from her memory as possible.

It took her altogether too long to die, and when at last she was in her coffin, painted like a wax doll and wearing a beneficent smile unknown to her countenance in life, he still could not believe it. He had a trembling desire to open the bottom half of the dark box to be sure the bell button was not still in her hand, that she was not going to summon and accuse him even from her grave. As they lowered her into the earth, he thought, *That's the end of your damn bell*.

It wasn't. It rang in his dreams for months. And gradually other bells began to bother him. He quit high school to escape those that

rang for the change of class. He was almost an alcoholic at seventeen. He got two girls pregnant and told them to go fry when they appealed for his help. *That's a small down payment, mother*, he whispered to her headstone at the cemetery, to which he made a special trip with a whiskey bottle in his hand.

His drinking eventually diminished but his uses of women did not. He took whatever they had to give and laughed at them when he wanted no more of it. He knew how evil was the heart of woman, he knew: he'd had an incomparable teacher. But women kept coming to him, drawn by his Flash Gordon good looks. They came with smiles and they left in tears.

He was gifted. He wrote well, he painted well, and he was a good photographer from the first moment he handled a camera. His teachers had predicted that he would make important contributions to the arts. *The arts?* he would say. *Don't be ridiculous. Television is where the money is and any man who seeks anything but money is a fool. That's what I want—lots of money, lots of women, lots of laughs. That's what life's for, isn't it—to laugh at? Sure.*

So he went into television. He rose rapidly and moved on to New York. And now he had been made producer of *Studio Twelve* at the age of twenty-seven.

Studio Twelve was an "experimental" show, which meant arty: it presented ballet, poetry readings, and obscure music. Its sole purpose was to help stack the statistics so that the network could show the government it was allotting a proper proportion of time to "cultural" matters. It was slotted into Sunday mornings, when nobody watched; there was no use cluttering up the prime time with it. That was needed for the money-making stuff, the westerns and quiz shows and whodunits. Booker despised *Studio Twelve*, for the big money lay in giving the inert and imbecilic public the bilge it wanted. Nonetheless he worked hard on it, for the big brass used the show to groom promising young producers.

Booker knew that he was considered one of them, even if he was also considered eccentric. He refused to have any kind of bell in his office or on the set where he was working. Once, when an actor was doing a reading of Edgar Allan Poe, Booker went so far as to have the poem "The Bells" stricken from the script. Everyone smiled. But this twist in his personality bothered no one, really, and Booker felt that the heavy money was just around the corner.

On the strength of his expectations, he had taken this apartment on East 68th Street, outrageously priced though it was,

and ordered excellent modern furniture, mostly Danish which, newly delivered, lay chaotically about the place. He had no taste for the job of arranging it. That was what Angie was for.

Angie was an actress who had played a role in a silly piece of avant-garde drama he'd presented on *Studio Twelve* a few weeks ago. She had no ambition to be an actress (and not much talent either, for that matter) but her mother had ambition enough for both of them. All Angie really wanted was a home and babies. She believed Booker Carlyle was going to give them to her, and he had no intention of dispelling her illusion—until she'd finished fixing up his apartment.

"Booker, what are you doing to the doorbell?" she said as she emerged from the bedroom, in which she had managed to create sufficient order that he would at least have a place to sleep.

"I don't like loud bells," he said, replacing the plastic cover of the apparatus. "So I fixed it." He screwed the cover into place and got down from the chair. "Angie, my love, how would you like to run upstairs to the front door and ring it, so I can see how it sounds?"

It sounded hardly at all, Angie returned immediately.

"And now," he said, "how'd you like to make me a drink and start dinner?"

"Of course, Book," she said. She looked very tired. She had been working on the place since early morning. Her brown hair was in disarray. She was a pretty little thing whose soft face was full of childlike adoration of him. It amused him. She managed a smile and trudged off to the kitchen.

After dinner he cleared some cartons off an armchair and fell into it. She poured *crème de menthe* into the pony glass he held up. He complimented her on her cooking. "I'm so glad you liked it," she said, sitting on the arm of his chair. She ruffled his hair. "Oh Book," she said, "I just love to mother you."

His face took on the look of granite.

"What's the matter?" she said, alarmed. "Did I say something wrong?"

The look began to fade from his face. "Nothing's wrong. Nothing at all. I swallowed the wrong way." Why make her privy to his problems? What he thought of his mother, mothers in general, and mothering as a misguided art was none of her business. She would shortly be put out of his life.

At ten o'clock he took her to bed and at eleven he sent her home. There was a late program he wanted to watch on television.

The next day was Sunday. Angie worked so hard that by nightfall sanity and a modicum of comfort were beginning to

emerge from the clutter of boxes and furniture. Perhaps tomorrow she would be done and he could tell her that that was the end of it.

"When are they going to hook up the telephone?" she asked. She was using a vacuum cleaner to remove bits of excelsior from the white wall-to-wall carpet of the bedroom. The telephone left by the previous tenant was on the floor and, to get it out of her way, she put it in the bathroom.

"Oh damn, I forgot," he said. "Angie, darling, the telephone company says the man can come Wednesday, and I can't be here. I meant to ask you earlier. Could you come over and let him in?" He gave her a warm and encouraging smile.

"Booker, I will not be here Wednesday. I'll probably be here every day this week. Do you realize how much has to be done to this place?"

"Like what?"

"Honestly! If that isn't typical of a man," she said with a maternal clucking of the tongue. "You need dishes and pots and pans and . . . and a toaster and curtains and paper on the shelves in the kitchen and . . . oh, a million things. My mother has some old things. They'll do you for a while. Anyway, it's going to take me at least a week to get this place ship-shape. In fact, you'd better give me a set of keys."

He hesitated. Well, he thought, I'll just have to keep her on for another week. "Okay," he said, taking a spare set from his pocket.

He didn't see Angie Monday, but when he got home the evidence of her labors was everywhere. The place was becoming neat and very comfortable. It was quiet, a place of soothing pale browns, and very private, the kind of soft-lighted retreat he had always wanted.

There was one discordant element—the dead telephone on the bathroom floor. It bothered him vaguely. He had the feeling that it might ring, tear the peace of the place apart. He laughed off the feeling. The new telephones had volume control, and if his was not quiet enough, he would stuff the bell with as much paper as was necessary.

He managed to avoid Angie Tuesday as well. He came home about seven and undressed for a bath. He had a date that evening with another brunette, taller and with more class than Angie. In his ordered scheme of things, she would shortly be Angie's replacement. She cooked well, she was good in bed, and—most important—she was secretary to the star of one of the big comedy hours, a show Booker thought would be much improved if its present producer were fired just about the

(Continued on page 29)



"Now, we're here . . . at the base camp . . ."

SHE'D sooner sauna



For the man who has everything—the sauna bath. But before anyone is misled, let us make it clear that lovelies such as Patti Lawrence, shown here, aren't included with the typical sauna installation. Yes, this is unfortunate, for the two do go together beautifully, but sauna interior decoration is left up to the individual. The lucky owner of this home-sized spa is none other than Patti herself. "I'm thoroughly sold on the idea," comments Patti, "and all my friends like it, too."



Patti was full of information when we interviewed her in her new sauna. "I understand that the sauna originated in Finland. And they say that the Finns go out and roll around in the snow after their session in the sauna. Can you imagine!"

By this time we were imagining all sorts of things but thought they were perhaps best left unsaid.



"Anyway," Patti continued, "I don't know how I ever got along without one. And I've come up with an original idea of my own—the sauna cocktail party! You're all invited. All you need is a towel."

Full of enthusiasm and gratitude to Finland, we all rushed out to buy towels. Sauna, anybody?





under the
devil's tail

One of the things history teachers carefully forget to talk about is the sexual basis of the great European witch hunts. Sex, the biggest and most important part of the witchcraft story, is generally edited out, leaving just the sadism. No clean-thinking moralist objects to disgusting sadism—only disgusting sex upsets him.

It's no wonder the story has been carefully edited. How can the straight-laced people who censor these things permit children—or adults, for that matter—to be told that church dignitaries of the Middle Ages suffered from sexually over-active imaginations that made them believe "witches" engaged in wanton encounters with the Devil?

One of the biggest logs on the fire was the abnormal attitude of the Church toward sexual matters, according to noted psychoanalyst Ernest Jones. He writes that repressed and celibate Church inquisitors, filled with lust, wreaked terrible punishment on women who excited their passions, but with whom they were not permitted to obtain gratification.

The population at large was glad to get into the act, for reasons which will become clear as we go along. From the 13th to well into the 17th century, women—men too—in the millions went to their deaths, in a spectacle whose cruelty has long been familiar, but whose sexual basis is commonly covered up.

The sex angles are both complicated and simple. The simple ones have to do with the sex relations between witches and the Devil. According to the ideology of the time, such sex acts were necessary to seal a pact with Satan. Even the witches admitted this, particularly when a little torture was used to elicit the desired answers.

It was thought that female witches fornicated with the Devil. Male ones, for some reason, never made it with him, possibly because he was too inhibited, or maybe just not wicked enough. Male witches were given *succubi*, or female devils, to play with. Females whom the Devil was too busy to service were visited by *incubi*—male stand-ins.

What the women saw in Satan is a bit hard to

figure out. As far as looks and smell were concerned, he left something to be desired. (From the viewpoint of this male observer, at any rate. My wife finds his descriptions intriguing.) According to one description, he was a "great, tall blacke man . . . at least six yards in height, with long black shaged haire, his eyes big as two ordinary pewter dishes flaming like fire." He sometimes stank of sulphur, was apt to make horrid entrance and exit noises, and not infrequently appeared in the shape of a dog, black cat or he-goat, in which form he still insisted on sexual favors.

Joan Cariden, an English widow who was burned as a witch, testified before her incineration to a visit she got from the Devil disguised as a dog. This "black rugged Dog" crept into bed with her, she related, and spake to her in mumbling language. "The next night it came to her againe," runs the testimony, "and required this examinant to deny God . . . and . . . then he would revenge her of anyone she owed ill-will to."

Even when he assumed human form, the Devil was a hell of a lover. His sex organ was outsize, according to unimpeached accounts. It was, besides, plated with iron, or—just as bad for mere mortal playmates—coated with fish scales. But he must have been devilishly gentle nonetheless, because virginal young girls accused of intercourse with him were found to have their hymens intact. Respected theologians affirmed there was nothing peculiar about this.

Not only was the Devil's organ unsuited for making great music—his semen was cold as ice, insuring that any sex excitement that managed to sneak through would get a sudden sharp damper at the most inappropriate time. The semen wasn't even his own—it was generally borrowed from some man who apparently didn't need it, and properly iced for the occasion. (If all this seems uncouth and improper for mixed company, please realize, gentle or uncouth reader, that churchmen spent a good deal of time figuring these matters out.)

All in all, witches seemed to get the short end of the stick, as far as getting any fun out of their

compact with the Devil. Maybe things were better at the Sabbats—the periodic conclaves of witches.

A young witch prepared carefully for a Sabbat. (An old one probably prepared just as carefully, but who cares?) She took off her clothes, rubbed her legs and genitals with ointment containing hemlock, aconite, belladonna or other toxic ingredients—mixed in, if we are to believe all the stories, with bat's blood and baby-fat. She then jumped on a broomstick, skillfully navigated the chimney and flew off to the meeting place. (Modern investigators suggest that the reports of flying in the confessions of bonafide witches came from the toxic ingredients in the ointment they rubbed themselves with. A number of these ingredients could, when they entered the bloodstream through cracks in the skin, or the vaginal membranes, produce states resembling *delirium tremens*.)

Theologians may not doubt the stories that the Devil himself served on occasion as the witch's steed, possibly assuming the form of a he-goat. If the witch intended to bring friends along to the Sabbat, she stuck a pole up the goat's rear end and seated her company on it. The most respectable churchmen vouched for this.

Eyewitness accounts of Sabbats suggest that cultists did exist who worshipped Satan and were from time to time caught by witch hunters. A traveler hurrying home at night sometimes set startled eyes on a long procession of people wending their way to a Sabbat, perhaps naked and possibly masked, carrying torches glowing with sulphurous flames. Some frightened wayfarers may have caught sight of the hideously masked devil god, or even

glimpsed the Hand of Glory—a severed hand whose fingers were lit up like candles. A typical spectator would probably hot-foot it home then and there. If he continued to sneak along in the wake of the procession, he would witness the Sabbat itself.

One of the most important Sabbat rituals was the *osculum infame*—kissing the backside of a goat. This was the pledge of allegiance—the witches' loyalty oath—given by the disciples to the Devil, who was represented by the goat. From the little I know about goats, and the smell of goats, I would say the *osculum infame* required a heroism rare in our day.

After this satisfying ritual, more prosaic convention business took place. The leader received reports of the work accomplished since the last meeting. Slackers were given pep talks or punished, and the evil things that had to be done to make the world a better place for witches were discussed and assigned.

Next came music and possibly back-to-back nude dancing. Food and drinks disagreeable enough to be agreeable might be served—baby pie, for instance, and nauseous liquids served in filthy vessels. Sometimes fluids that weren't nauseating, like good wine and spirits, circulated; even witches, it would seem, found it tough to remain true to their principles.

Lascivious capers and promiscuous sex followed. When the group was small, the leader made the rounds of the "crapulous" women and gratified them. (The term "crapulous" is used in one description. Obviously, not all the witches were young and beautiful.)

Some accounts of the sexual orgy that generally wound up the Sabbat declare that incest was practiced between the closest possible relatives. Togetherness between mother and son was, of course, the highest form of incest, but such a tender scene seems to have been a rare occurrence.

Christian rites, according to the accounts, were ridiculed in the most impious fashion at the Sabbat. The Black Mass was a particularly extravagant blasphemy. In this ceremony, the Queen of the Sabbat—the youngest and prettiest witch—after being baptized with "holy" water (the Devil's urine) lay down and made like an altar. On her buttocks was kneaded the "sacred host"—a conglomeration of menstrual blood, feces, urine and similar appetizers. It must have taken stern determination, a strong stomach and a stuffed nose to get through a Sabbat without first aid.

Far-out blasphemy and off-beat sex were, apparently, staples of the witches' Sabbat. Careful examinations by the Church—aided by some of the most painful tortures ever devised by pious people—induced witches, as well as non-witches who had never been near a Sabbat, to confess

to practicing all sorts of sex perversions at the Sabbats.

The crimes attributed to witches did not consist of impiety and sex antics alone. The wicked acts laid to their door ranged from trivial annoyances to the spreading of epidemics and plagues. The pact with the Devil was, however, the chief accusation at the witch trials, either because the judges considered it easier to "prove," or because they found the sex researches necessitated by the charge so fascinating.

The proofs of guilt in witchcraft cases were most simple. The principles involved were laid down in a curious book called the *Malleus Maleficarum* (Witches' Hammer). Two expert witch hunters wrote this book for the Pope, and it quickly became a standard guide for courts throughout Europe.

The *Malleus* required that suspects be asked thirty-five questions by the magistrate. Actually, one alone—the first one—was sufficient to do the job. This ran: "Believest thou in witches?" If the suspect answered "yes," it was certain proof she was versed in witchcraft, and therefore guilty of the charge. If she answered "no," she was guilty of heresy, and merited burning just as much on this count.

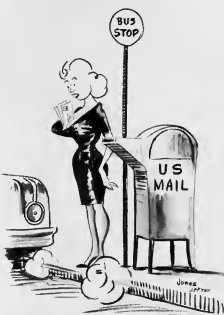
The same tone of impartiality and fairness runs through the entire judicial procedure recommended in the *Malleus*. If the suspect denied her guilt, torture was called for. If she maintained her innocence under torture (a rare occurrence) the water test—a sure-fire method of determining guilt—was called for. In this test, the suspect was tied hand and foot and chucked into the water. If she sank and drowned, it was conclusive proof she was a witch. If she stayed afloat, this was evidence that the water rejected her baptism—also overwhelming proof that she was a witch.

"He who is accused of sorcery should never be acquitted," said a noted French judge, reputed to be one of the sages of the 17th century. Why time was wasted determining a suspect's guilt, when the same results would have been achieved by immediately incinerating anyone accused of witchcraft, is something that eludes the researcher. Eludes him, that is, until he thinks of all the fun judges would have been deprived of and the vicarious sex thrills that would have been eliminated if no trials had been held.

The Witches' Hammer (a book "unique in the annals of bigotry and cruelty," according to Ernest Jones) was an instant success in all civilized countries—perhaps the greatest compliment the uncivilized ones could ask for. Although the mildest of today's critics refers to its authors as imbeciles, the book was acclaimed by the "greatest" minds of the age. Many of the book's advocates were kind and merciful people, by their own generous standards.

One of the most curious phenomena of

(Continued on page 17)



Where there's a will

Sometimes even a pretty girl like Scandinavian-born Enga Nilsson finds it difficult to attract attention around a tourist attraction such as the Eiffel Tower. While all the others were entranced by girders and cross members, the only comment Enga seemed to be drawing was from two Brooklyn housewives who had something to say about the fit of Enga's slacks. Poor Enga. This is Paris in the springtime? What's all this noise about Frenchmen being the world's most attentive admirers of feminine charms? But Enga has other strategies in mind before leaving. Let's take the elevator up and see what some determination can do.

PHOTOS/JACQUES



Voilà! Nothing like a display of *panache* to bring out the best in Frenchmen. What Gaul worth his *pâté* is going to pass up such an outstanding chance to learn more about the Scandinavian outlook on life? Who could think of a more exciting way of promoting cultural exchange? What a great day for the Common Market. Meanwhile, Enga is still playing it cool for the most part. After all, there's something to be said for subtlety, too. But wait! A perspicacious Parisian has just caught sight of Enga's alluring eyes. His glance is full of polished diplomacy. Already a new hope for European unity is born. "Mademoiselle would like her own personal guide during her stay in Paris? And dinner this evening? And a boat ride on the Seine?" Enga replies with an immediate and enthusiastic "Oui!" all the way down the line. We thoroughly advise a trip to the Eiffel Tower on your next trip to Paris. If you see Enga, give her our best.







"Never have I seen a more appreciative gallery—yelling, cheering, whooping . . ."

the time was, in fact, the wholehearted approval these kind and decent people gave to the unkind treatment of "witches." Jean Bodin, for example, an eminent Frenchman whose reputation as a liberal philosopher and preacher of tolerance has persisted to our time, thought it was wrong to burn a witch under a slow fire—because it didn't last long enough. Johannes Tritheim—"a very learned and very kind" German scholar "whose goodness could not be expressed in words," as a contemporary of his phrases it, approved heartily of the persecution and burning of witches. The medieval Catholic Church has been blamed for the witchcraft mania, but Protestant theologians Calvin and Luther—men whose reputation for goodness can hardly be questioned, since their private pipelines to heaven enabled them to set the standards—were just as enthusiastic about burning witches. Maybe the trouble with this slightly hellish era was that it contained so damned many good people.

What gave with these people? What made them act in ways too nutty to be acceptable to a modern, self-respecting lunatic? Sex hunger and church-sponsored sex repression make up a big part of the answer. Ignorance, fear and a long tradition of cruelty also undoubtedly entered into it.

The cruelty of the time was perhaps most harshly visible in the burning of children at the stake—small fry who weren't old enough to be bad Christians, much less good witches. In a more muted key were the cruelties directed against all women. These were reflected in the ecclesiastical debates questioning whether women had souls, or were merely beasts.

An example of the ignorance of the time is the remedy recommended by doctors for a husband's sexual impotence. Many physicians regarded such husbands as bewitched and recommended they urinate through the wedding ring to break the spell. Nothing seems to have been said about easing the requirements for men whose aim was poor.

Another remedy for sexual impotence was to write various letters on a fresh parchment, intone the Psalm of David seven times over the document, then tie it up near the husband's deactivated sexual organs. With so much holiness pervading the area it's hardly surprising that functions considered obscene did not resume operation.

Fear was a dominant characteristic of the age; it was also a time of widespread psychogenic sickness—neurotic illness that often set up shop in the vicinity of the sex functions. So says psychiatrist Gregory Zilborg.

Sexual impotence was a very common disorder, and the fear of impotence was even more common. Witches were the

cause of impotence, it was believed. They could even "bewitch a penis away," according to the *Witches' Hammer*. It seems fair to assume people wouldn't have been so nervous about reprisals if they hadn't been doing so many nasty things to witches.

Sexual impotence in men was a particularly disastrous business for the ladies because males were scarce. The numerous wars had taken many out of domestic circulation—so many, in fact, that special laws were passed in Germany permitting polygamy. Widespread impotence among the relatively few and inferior males left was understandably most annoying to the girls. Envy of luckier people, spite, and hysteria flourished among both women and men, and near-panic conditions were often present. People getting married during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were so afraid of having their sex life loused up by some malevolent witch that they customarily spliced the knot in deep secrecy. Frequent epidemics and outbreaks of plague—also attributed to witches—contributed to the climate of fear and vindictiveness.

Some historians place the blame for the witch persecutions on the medieval church. The Catholic Church of the time, they assert, alarmed over the rising power of heretics, blueprinted the witchcraft persecutions as an aid in wiping out the heretics. The technique consisted of getting people sufficiently worked up over witches to get the fires going. By putting heretics into the same category as witches, it became simple to burn them in the same flames.

If the charge against the Church is true, no conspirators against the people ever got as much cooperation from the people themselves. In fact, if the people had been just a little more cooperative, both Church and State might have been wiped out. The decline in Spain's population from 20 million to 6 million people in two centuries, because of its burning of heretics, indicates how much could have been achieved along these lines. Incidentally, Spain didn't go in much for witch persecutions, possibly because mass people roasts left so few potential victims, or else because people silly enough to burn heretics weren't foolish enough to fry witches.

A big factor in the popular appeal of the witch hunts was the unsatisfied lasciviousness of the age. Populations were probably filled with more pent-up randomness than at any other time in history. Evidence of the horny climate may be found in paintings made in the Middle Ages, showing women kneeling down, candle in hand, to investigate conditions under the Devil's tail. If the Devil, commonly represented as a he-goat, was kind enough to let a lady kiss his rear orifice,

wonderful powers descended on the lucky witch.

People were dying to talk sex, practice sex, experiment with sex, do all sorts of interesting things with it. This irresistible lust ran into immovable Church opposition. Matters were further complicated by the scarcity of men and the prevalence of male impotence. The net result of all this frustration was an explosive increase of sex curiosity and sadism.

The sex curiosity powers out of the preoccupation of the theologians with every conceivable sex matter. "There is no sexual question," comments Ernest Jones, "that was not discussed in the most subtle way by the theological casuists . . . their writings provide us with an instructive picture of the functioning of fantasy in the sexual sphere."

Church inquisitors had a field day stripping male and female suspects and examining every nook and cranny of their nude bodies for telltale stigmata of witch practice. Breasts, buttocks, male and female genital areas—all were religiously scrutinized. Abnormalities were avidly sought. Many anomalies—scars insensitive to pin pricks, or a third breast, for instance—were considered sure-fire proofs that the possessor was a witch.

When this visual sex orgy was over, additional erotic satisfaction was derived in questioning suspects in the most intimate manner possible. Subsequent torture of suspects satisfied sadistic tendencies, permitting Churchmen and civil authorities to lead pretty well-rounded lives in spite of their deprivations.

The tortures included the whip, the rack, the thumbscrew, tearing the flesh off live victims with pincers, a fiendish studded chair heated from below, and other cruelties that the Devil himself might have hesitated to use. Some of the tortures were so excruciating they even upset the torturers. One agony specialist pleaded with a long-suffering, stubborn victim: "Sir, I beg you for God's sake confess something, whether it be true or not, for you cannot endure the torture you will be put to, and even if you bear it all, yet you will not escape."


Nonetheless, the common people usually seemed to get as much of a bang out of the proceedings as the authorities. Accusations of witchcraft, they found, were a great way of getting back at hated neighbors, rivals or enemies. In many cases, unfounded accusations permitted valuable properties to be acquired. Considering the sex thrills and property benefits they provided, the wonder is not that the witch persecutions lasted almost three hundred years, but that they didn't last longer.

If any contemporary moralist is looking for a moral, there's a pretty conspicuous one here: tampering with the sex drive can be as dangerous as monkeying with the atom. □

BALDNESS

without the bull

Primitive man never went bald, claim the civilization-haters, but the truth is that he never lived long enough to develop that infuriating condition. With most of his conscious time spent running away from everything he was not strong enough to kill, his life expectancy made it extremely unlikely that he would even notice his hairline receding. □ But ever since the world became sufficiently civilized to give a man a sporting chance of reaching 40, he has been worrying over the lack of hair on his skull. If all males became bald early in life he would accept the situation as inevitable. It is mainly the inequality of fate, by which one man has a fine head of hair at 50 while another is well on the way to becoming bald at 30, that makes the victim discontented. □ Today one out of every five male students in American colleges shows signs of baldness. Of all men between 25 and 45 years of age, the number of those who are bald or partly bald is estimated to be as high as 30 per cent. □ What happens is that the follicles (hair-producing cells of the scalp) weaken and die off progressively so that the hair becomes scantier and scantier until more or less complete baldness results. This may happen after a severe illness, gland disorder or specific infection of the scalp, but the common kind of baldness is the universal one which starts when a man is in his twenties and gets steadily worse. The maddening thing is that it gets worse faster with some men than with others. □ This hereditary baldness is acquired in the same way as gray eyes or an ear for music, and is handed down by ancestors along with the family nose. Like certain other abnormalities such as color-blindness, it is sex-linked, which means that this gene characteristic can be transferred only through one of the sexes. In the case of baldness, the female is the only transmitter. If you are a male and bald, your sons will not be affected by your baldness. But it is likely that your daughters will pass baldness to their sons. □ "The 'baldness' gene can be inherited with equal likelihood by a man or woman," says Dr. Irwin I. Lubowe, dermatologist at the Metropolitan Hospital Center in New York, "but its behavior is not the same in both sexes. The male need inherit only one baldness gene to develop the pattern type of baldness. A woman must receive two baldness genes in order to be afflicted by a thinning, or loss of hair." □ Unfortunately, baldness is a



**HARD-HEADED FACTS
ABOUT HAIR LOSS—
AND HOW YOU, LIKE
JULIUS CAESAR, CAN
LIVE WITH IT.
BY PAUL BROCK**

"dominant" characteristic rather than a recessive one, so that if two people marry and there is a history of baldness in one family though not in the other, the baldness is far more likely to be handed on than a fine crop of hair.

In such a case all that can now be done is to prolong the life of the follicles by treatment, thus delaying the process for a few years.

Hair itself is dead. Only the roots are living, and they are nourished through thousands of tiny blood vessels, nerves and oil glands in the scalp. All the brushing in the world cannot bring life to hair. What it can do is stimulate life in the roots by promoting a good scalp circulation and encouraging the oily secretions.

It is a mistake to brush your hair too vigorously or use a brush that is too hard. Use a soft brush and concentrate on stimulating growth by gentle traction at the roots.

A daily massage is more important to the treatment of healthy hair than brushing. How do you massage? Some enthusiasts rub vigorously as though wushing a dog, but this is wrong. You should massage gently with the fingertips, beginning at the ears, and going over the whole scalp with a rotating motion.

A healthy scalp should move easily over the skull at least a quarter of an inch in all directions. If you have a dry scalp or brittle hair, a massage with an equal mixture of olive and castor oil may help.

Dandruff has been charged with hastening the balding process. It is a disease just as much as measles or diphtheria. Its effect can be just as unpleasant as the sound of its technical name—*pytiriasis alba capitis*. It is thought to be caused by a germ and often begins in childhood. It is contagious and can lead to baldness, yet countless people have dandruff all their lives and go to their graves with full heads of hair.

It is some consolation to know that baldness has been the lot of most intelligent men for centuries. Julius Caesar's contemporaries recorded the fact that he wore the imperial laurel wreath tipped slightly forward to conceal his thinning hair. Napoleon made the most of his forelock to distract attention from his retreating tresses.

Yet both knew that baldness is not without its consolations. The old wives' tale that the brainiest men are usually bald has always had the ring of truth. Today's researchers argue that an active brain and baldness are often associated, and this argument is based on the known fact that the activity of the thyroid gland is connected with the functioning of the brain, as it also is with the growth of the hair. As hair is lost, therefore, more thyroid becomes available for the brain cells.

Growth of hair is also determined in part by the sex hormones. This hormone

encourages flowing locks in women, but inhibits the growth of hair in men. Hence the he-man is often bald while the poet, artist and other gentle types of men are often long-haired.

However, Dr. Henry Corwin, attending dermatologist at the University Clinic, N.Y.U.-Bellevue Medical Center, points out that though there may be more hormones present in a bald man, this in no way indicates superior virility.

Other researchers agree that a most puzzling feature of man's development, as contrasted with that of the highest ape, has been his sudden transition to an almost hairless body. Conceivably this could be directly related to his greater brain activity. Which means the less hair the more brain, and one more point in favor of the bald ones.

The process of growing bald is usually gradual and therefore not too painful psychologically, since the afflicted party has time to adjust. Though he may ruefully regret his bad luck in not being endowed with the generous scalp covering that seems to be the delight of most single ladies, the intelligent balding man quickly realizes that his lack of hair makes not the slightest difference to the respect with which his male colleagues and friends regard him. In fact the incidence of baldness among men is so great that a man literally endowed with head-hair, working among men with a sparse growth, is often the one who is regarded as "abnormal."

"Only an insignificant percentage of naturally bald or balding men consider their baldness a serious handicap to them in their jobs and in their love life," says Dr. Van Scott, head of the dermatology service, National Cancer Institute.

By the time these men are 40 and the receding hairline has become so noticeable that it cannot be disguised except by artificial aids such as toupees and wigs, they have achieved much of the stature, financial and family, that was their goal in youth. Their own observations and intelligence tell them that wives—as opposed to young single ladies—do not love husbands any the less because the husband's hair is thinning. And when heads are counted in the same age bracket it becomes obvious that their hair loss is shared by most other males and is therefore not at all a hard cross to bear. Nor is the inevitability of continuing hair loss, when we consider that this is a burden borne by eight out of ten American males over the age of 30.

But some bald or balding men do worry, and it is well known that they are more self-conscious about their lack than those around them. Barbers often say that if they had a genuine hair-restorer they could sell it to many of their regular customers for \$500 a bottle.

Two out of five Caucasian men in all combined age groups have male pattern baldness, the type which is not a skin

disease, and which can be described as "natural." This is all the more reason, psychologists say, why we should not feel sensitive about the loss of our hair. Excessive worry, nervousness and anxiety can actually cause more hair to fall out.

If you know that you'll soon be bald, you may well want to know whether it is better, considering the single woman's point of view, to have a bare spot on the crown of your head or to show the increasingly prevalent receding hairline style. In a survey of 1,000 unmarried girls on three university campuses, eight out of ten girls preferred the latter. "The receding hairline looks more distinguished," or "more intellectual," according to many.

Eight out of ten girls believed that a leading singer would be as popular and likable on the movie and TV screen if he *didn't* wear his toupee while performing. On the other hand only 14 per cent thought that a top screen lover would be just as romantic without his toupee. This seems to indicate that the romantic but hairless player, the man whose chief business is to make professional love, had better do so with a full head of hair, artificial or otherwise.

One out of three girls said that bald men should wear toupees to cover their naked skulls, and almost the same number said that they would *consent* to their future husbands doing so. However, only one out of five would *encourage* their husbands to wear hair pieces.

The married girl places less emphasis on the need for a toupee. In fact many girls flatly stated during the survey that they were actually attracted by baldness, and for this reason alone would not have their husbands wear a hair piece. Toupee or no toupee, 98 per cent of the girls surveyed declared that if they were in love with a man, they would marry him, hair or no hair.

And that took into account the hair on a man's chest, too. There was a time when a hairy chest was supposed to indicate unusual strength, because it made a man look more like a gorilla. But science now points out that a gorilla has *no* hair on its chest. It has hair on its back, shoulders, arms, belly and legs—but none on its chest.

Bald men may be less susceptible to lung cancer than those with a full head of hair. This is indicated by a two-year study involving 255 control and 186 lung cancer patients of the Veterans Hospital in New Orleans, stemming from a remark made by Dr. Howard Buechner several years ago. "I'm not too worried about lung cancer," said Dr. Buechner to a friend while discussing a male patient's case history, "because I've never seen a bald man with that disease."

Although a man may not think that a bald head makes him more attractive, it in no way discourages him from appreciating

(Continued on page 44)



"Buck up. Somewhere, someone is worse off than you."

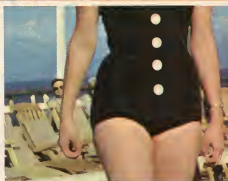
HOW TO PARTY FIVE DAYS



AND WAKE UP IN ACAPULCO



On the facing page, the S.S. Acapulco docked in Acapulco bay. On this page, clockwise from upper left, dancers doing the twist during an evening ashore at the Paradise Club; a high diver beginning the 136-foot plunge off the cliff at La Quebrada, one of city's most spectacular tourist attractions; a conga drummer enlivens one of the many shipboard parties held at sea; a common sight on the S.S. Acapulco sundeck; musicians playing for a dance on the ship's Lido deck during the afternoon; a traditional Spanish dance, one of the acts during the floor show at the Guadalupe de Noche nightclub in Acapulco; boats for rent at the public docks in Acapulco make possible water skiing, skin diving, and touring the nearby lagoons and islands; the center of town near the waterfront in Acapulco; final-ists lined up for one of the beauty contests held on board the S.S. Acapulco during the first days of its cruise.



Top row: shipboard merriment in the forms of costume parties and a young lady learning the cha-cha. Middle: a diver on the cliffs at La Quebrada, and a palm-lined beach. Bottom row: beauty contest winners posing for pictures, spectators watching the La Quebrada high diving, and some lessons in the art of bullfighting.



OCEAN LINERS, WHILE unquestionably luxurious, have been eclipsed as a means of long-distance transportation by swift intercontinental jets which carry passengers to London or Paris in not much more time than it takes the Queen Elizabeth to reach the twelve-mile limit. This might seem to forecast the end of sea travel, or at best, its being reduced to the status of a quaint novelty for elderly tourists with a pen-

chant for tradition. Nothing so drastic is happening, however. Aware they cannot compete with airplanes for speed, steamship lines are curtailing their standard voyage operations and turning more and more to pleasure cruises which are practically an end in themselves, with the portcalls thrown in as a bonus. A cruise, say the travel agents, is like vacationing at a sumptuous resort which (Continued on page 59)





**"A WAY TO
MAKE A
LIVING"
By
Richard
Baird**

He was the kind of guy who wears white socks. The afternoon sun was wildly bright, and it bounced reflections off the shop windows and prodded dust devils in the dirty streets. Not the kind of demons Kirby Madden remembered, but little grubby devils that coughed up bits of paper and string and then dumped them back in the gutter or on the walk. He spat, but the chalky taste remained. He unwrapped a stick of gum and clamped his teeth tight on the red chew. His jaws moved furiously.

A ragged brown dog ambled slowly by, tongue hanging loose, and the tall, shock-headed man wondered where the mutt was going in the withering heat. He folded the collar of his flowered sport shirt outside his striped jacket, and glanced at his reflection in a delicatessen window.

I look pretty good, he thought.

God, he looks terrible, the girl walking behind him was thinking. What would possess a man to put on that hideous shirt with a striped coat? And sunglasses, too!

She was certain he had no place special to go. She had seen dozens just like him come and go. They would stop at a corner, wait for the light to change, then go in the other direction, or perhaps stop in front of a girlie show and look at the pictures, then walk on. Sometimes, usually in warm weather, they would lean against one of the store fronts and simply girl-watch. The boredom was really eating away, Joyce knew, when the wanderer would get a shoe shine when his shoes were already shined.

The gangling man walking in front of her stepped into a shine parlor. Joyce shrugged her shoulders and lit a cigarette. She'd wait. This is a helluva way to make a living, she thought, then she opened her purse again and dug around. She had a ten-dollar bill and some loose change. And her feet hurt . . . her rent was due . . . and the headaches were with her (*continued on page 29*)



"Look, Fred, you have your fetish and I have mine."

again. She leaned back against the doorway and closed her eyes. The sun spots were green and red against her eyelids, and a moment's rest closed out the masses of people milling by. The sun was hers, and she drank it in with her white skin.

When Joyce opened her eyes again, the tall man was walking away from the shine parlor, and his glossy black shoes kept flying up in front of both of them. She dropped her cigarette and began to follow him.

Almost instinctively, Joyce knew he would turn into the little park.

My God, another nature lover, she thought. I'll have to catch this farmer while he's still ripe. Dino will kill me if I don't show up with somebody before long. He's damn near as broke as I am.

Joyce was painfully aware, and she had no idea why, of her prospect's shiny shoes. Her eyes focused on his feet and swung back and forth with the rhythm of his long stride. It was almost as if the motion lulled her. He stopped on the path to watch a squirrel, and she practically ran up his back. It gave her the chance she needed. She caught her breath.

"Oh . . . I'm sorry! I wasn't thinking, and I guess I wasn't watching, either." She gazed up at his face. "Boy, are you tall!" she blurted.

This guy is going to be a cinch, Joyce thought. I can get this thing set up and over with in a couple hours.

"I come here to the park a lot," she said. Her mind was racing even as she talked to the stranger. If she could get him over to Eddie's Place and get hold of Dino, she could get him up to the room in an hour or less. It was only two o'clock.

She decided she would have to make the first move. This amiable giant would probably be willing to stand there and talk.

"I was just going over to Eddie's Place for a drink," Joyce said. "Would you like to join me?"

"I'd like to join you," he said, "but I don't drink."

Her mouth came open. "You've got to be kiddin'," she cried almost harshly.

"No, I'm not kidding. Why should I be?"

"Well . . ." Joyce could see her bankroll going up a tree. "Everybody drinks, don't they?"

"That's all right with me," he said. "Except that I don't."

"I guess you don't like girls, either." Her voice held the note of irritation.

His eyes ran up and down her, openly and appreciatively, and he folded his long arms across his chest. "What does not drinking have to do with liking girls? Booze I've got no taste for, but women I like. My name's Kirby Madden, and I'm mighty pleased to meet you, Miss . . .?"

It was Wednesday. Joyce picked a Wed-

nesday name. "Helen Westcott," she said. She thought it had a chi-chi sound. She used it quite often. The last time she had used it proved lucky. Dino had rolled her sucker for over \$300. She looked at Kirby's frame. Dino might have a problem.

"That's a nice name," Joyce heard him saying. "Helen Westcott."

Her real name was Theresa Marie Randowski. Someone had called her Joyce when she was a kid, so she kept it. She had more names than she could keep straight, and she knew that she resented both her own name and the aliases.

She took him by the arm. "Let's get out of here," she said abruptly.

"Are we going to Eddie's Place?"

"That's okay with me. You can have a sandwich or something while I have a Martini." She could call Dino from there, or leave word for him with Eddie. She could always drop a Mickey in Kirby's coffee or something.

"How long are you going to be in town?" she asked.

"I'm leaving tonight on the eleven o'clock train."

Joyce didn't care whether or not he got to the train. She steered Kirby Madden down the street, rapidly making conversation that floated from her mouth and into the hot air. She was vaguely aware that Kirby would "admire" to spend the rest of the day with her. They reached Eddie's Place, and Kirby held open the door. Joyce settled into a booth next to Kirby, and her left leg fell against his right thigh. She ordered a Martini, and almost gagged when Kirby asked for a bottle of orange.

Is this guy for real? she thought. Her skirt was tight, and it began to hike up higher. She let it ride, and was aware of Kirby's eyes on the round faces of her knees. His shoulder leaned into her slightly, and she returned the pressure, wondering how much loot Kirby had on him, and where Dino was. His big hand with the blunt nails fell on her leg.

"Do we have to stay here, Helen?"

Joyce's fingers toyed with his ear. "No, but I do have to make a phone call. I was supposed to meet a girl friend who's doing some shopping."

Kirby handed her a dime. This is like paying for somebody to shoot you, Joyce thought. She took the dime and kissed Kirby on the ear.

"You're nice," she said. She slid out of the booth and went to the phone. She figured Dino would probably be just getting up.

Joyce cupped her hand over the mouthpiece. "I got a live one," she said to the faceless voice. "Ought to be good for a couple bills at least. But, Dino, he's bigger than hell. I think I better soften him up first. Better give me a couple hours. I'll leave the door unlocked. Come up when you see the flower pot in the window."

(Continued on page 49)

The Bell (Continued from page 4)

time people were becoming aware of his own talents.

As he soaked in the hot water, from which tendrils of steam rose like white grass, the telephone began to bother him anew. There was something genuinely disconcerting about a dead telephone, perhaps because it was one of the few dead things that could come back to life. He stared at it, increasingly agitated.

And at that moment it rang.

Its bell slashed the silence into bleeding shreds. It rang at him and went silent and rang again, shrieking, accusing, cursing him. With his eyes wide, he reached his shaking hand toward it, then jerked it back as if the fearsome thing were giving off heat.

So it rang at him again.

And who could be calling on a dead telephone?

If he could not bear to touch it, neither could he bear to let it go on ringing. With sudden will he snatched the receiver from its cradle. "Hel . . . hello?"

The police chased him, naked and screaming, through the streets. They cornered him at last in an alley, his hair still wet from the bath, whimpering like an animal, his eyes wide with madness. They were as gentle to him as they could be as they wrestled him into a straight jacket.

They got him into a cruiser. It pulled away as a taxi pulled up on the opposite side of the street. Angie got out of it. "Booker, Booker!" she called to the cruiser and ran after it for several paces, but it disappeared around a corner. She looked about her in confusion and fear. Then she saw a policeman, a man in his fifties, on the doorstep of Booker's building, putting his notebook in his pocket. Tenants were gathered on the sidewalk in little groups, talking in subdued tones.

"What happened?" Angie demanded of the policeman.

"Who are you, miss?" he said politely.

She told him. "I was talking to him on the telephone and suddenly he screamed and . . ."

"You were on the phone to him?"

"I called to tell him he was wrong about the phone company coming tomorrow. They came today and hooked up his phone and I called to tell him about it and then he . . ."

The policeman took out his notebook again. "Try to calm yourself, miss, and we'll get this straight. Tell me exactly what happened."

"Well, he answered the phone, you see, and I said, 'Booker, this is your mother.'"

"How's that again?" the policeman said.

"Well, it's a little joke between us," Angie said. □

BIG GIRL LOST

Who is Britt Olsen? Where does she come from? Nobody really knows. Britt was an infant stowaway. Before she could even talk—hence, before she could explain herself—she was found on an Icelandic steamer bound for the States. A childless couple, coming to live in America, adopted her and she's been here ever since. But Britt remembers nothing of that first cruise and wants to travel again. When in a thoughtful mood, she'll speculate wistfully about her place of birth and parents' identity. Royalty?

PHOTOS/ED ALEXANDER









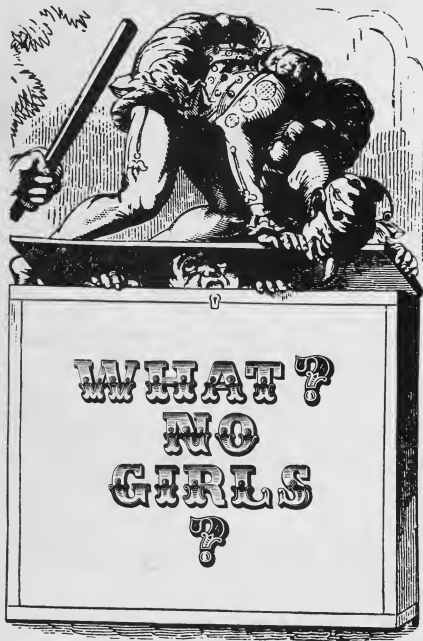






Britt thinks a visit abroad might lead her to one of those childhood scenes that bring everything back. But do her origins really matter so much to our sensational cover girl? "Having no roots is good," she says. "It makes you free. You're just

you; you have no heritage to live up to. And yet, no matter where I go I feel that my home is elsewhere. It's a funny thing to feel—a kind of spiritual loneliness."
Nothing funny about it; Britt is too cute to be lonely. We hope she finds her home.



To avoid deceiving the honest reader, the author wishes to state at the onset that burlesque during the last century was not graced by such talented edysiasts as Ann Corio or Georgia Southern. The companies as well as the audiences were exclusively male, although a little female impersonating was not unknown. Those in search of insights on sexual behavior in the theater and anatomical details should search elsewhere in this magazine. Now, if the reader is still with me, I shall continue.

To understand the growth and popularity of burlesque, it is necessary to know how intense an interest and love early Americans had for the theater in general. It has been said, for example, that the American actor followed the western pioneer so closely that he was often in the last wagon of the train. Those theatrical companies not hardy enough to endure the trail sailed instead into the west along the Allegheny, leaving behind them on the banks of the river a white flag where those companies that followed would be assured a welcome. A red flag was to be avoided at all costs: too demanding theater-goers or blue-nose law enforcement officers.

Later companies on rafts and in broad-horns travelled down the Mississippi and the Ohio, stopping at every landing large and small. The more intrepid left the river for the hills of Kentucky, passing through the Cumberland Gap into Richmond and then Savannah and further south. The

A CENTURY AGO, THIS—ONLY THIS—WAS BURLESQUE: FUNNY FACES, SONGS AND

southernmost point was the cyprus forts in Florida during the Seminole War where an entire troupe was ambushed and murdered. For years afterward, Seminole braves galloped through the sandy lowlands dressed up as Romans, Highlanders and Shakespearean heroes.

Others journeyed through Kentucky and Tennessee to the Gulf States, to be met always with incredible enthusiasm by audiences composed of flatboatmen, planters, farmers, slaves and free Negroes.

They tell the story of one farmer who became so sympathetic to a Little Nell character being portrayed on stage that he stopped the play and took up a collection from the audience for her, then sat back and ordered the players to proceed. To these cheering, incredibly involved spectators, the companies brought a rich and varied fare. There were plays by American and European authors, classic and modern; an incredible number of operas and operettas plus dancing in every conceivable form; minstrel shows, scenes from the great English tragedies, skits, revues and monologists. The latter, uniquely American, brought together the three great strains of our native comedy: the New England Yankee, the Western gamecock of the wilderness and the Negro. Understatement, extravagance and melancholy.

The theater of the nineteenth century was vital, lusty and, above all, romantic in outlook. It eulogized the savage while,

paradoxically, settlers were murdering the Indians and destroying the wilderness. It extolled everything American and denigrated Europe while, ironically, Americans were engaging in countless materialistic practices and imperialistic schemes. It is, perhaps, the American theater's inability to examine America honestly that created the need for burlesque.

Constance Rourke, in her magnificent book called *American Humor*, points out: "To sustain burlesque something more than grotesquerie is needed. Satire enters into its attentions; once a territory is invaded by burlesque, all its objects are likely to look puffed and stretched, pinched and narrowed. But pure satire stands aloof, while burlesque wholly possesses its subject and wears the look of friendship."

The innovator of American burlesque was a strolling English actor by the name of William Mitchell, who in 1838 opened a showy little theater in New York and called it the Olympic. Here Mitchell gathered a group of entertainers and led them off with his own funny faces and a gift for tragic acting that made a base for his burlesque of romantic tragedy and romantic operas. This spirit of burlesque that he created moved through the land like a powerful genie let out of a windbag, finding an abundance of subjects to ridicule. The audience, acting as if it was at an intimate party at home, joined in

on every chorus, beat the comedians to the punch line, knew all the sketches, was familiar personally with all the actors.

Every popular opera that entered the Olympic departed richly transformed. *Lucia di Lammermoor* became *Lucy Did Sham A Moor* and *Lucy Did Lam A Moor*. Famous dancers like Fanny Ellsler provided endless themes for entertainment. Mitchell usually impersonated the dancers himself with mincing steps and padded bosom. Fanny Ellsler's name, too, provided the raw material for hundreds of puns.

When later Mitchell seized upon the vogue for Lord Byron and minstrelsy, he created a play called *Man-Fred*, whose hero, predictably, was a blackface chimneysweep. When the craze for Charles Dickens reached its zenith, Mitchell produced *Boz*; or, *a Man Over-bored*. The laconic Yankee and noble savage were burlesqued with the rest of his (and America's) comic creations.

The genius of Mitchell was that he exploded every romantic or pompous myth prevalent in America at that time. For ten long years he satirized our unbounded enthusiasms for the novel, for the grandiose, for ourselves. When his successors, Burton and Brougham, arrived on the scene, they continued his style and content intact.

Burton was the finer actor, but Brougham, who actually wrote the material, possessed that comic gravity which has been called the crowning conceit of

PUNS, A TOUCH OF DRAG, AND THE EXPLOSION OF NATIVE MYTHS. BY DAVID JACOBS

burlesque. Both, however, had the gift of improvisation. Once they pretended to make a play before the audience, at the end gravely discussing the dénouement. Shades of the Living Theater, The Premise and Pirandello.

Among their targets for friendly scorn were the theories of free love, the women's rights movement and the false romanticism of American sentiment for the redskin. Sung to the airs of current, popular music, the savagery of their satire was disguised by the ingenuousness of the melodies.

Lighting on Edwin Forrest's nostalgic paeon to the American Indian entitled *Metamora*, Burton and Brougham created a burlesque farce called *Metaroarer*, the noisy answer to this hypocrisy. Brougham used the declamatory style (made famous by the Western mythic characters like Sam Pike) of Forrest, but produced a full-length satire on the windy Indian-worship, transforming the last of the Wampanoags of the original play into the Pollywogs, and adding such immortal characters as Whiskeetoddi, Anaconda, Tapiokee, and others who appeared

With rifle, belt, plume, moccasin, and all.

Just as you see them at a fancy ball.

But this particular burlesque proved only the beginning for Brougham. In *Pocahontas*, this gifted American satirist pulled out all the stops and attacked the great American sentiment for the Indian with pure comic invective. Said John Smith on meeting Powhatan:

Most portent, grave, and reverend old fellow—

To use the words of that black wight Othello.

My very noble and approved good savage,

That we came out here your land to ravage

Is most true: for this you see us banded.

The maiden replies:

I must confess, sweet sir, that you are candid.

You'll probably excuse us if we doubt it. Pray how, sir, do you mean to set about it.

Answers Smith:

Easy enough: we have full powers to treat.

To which Powhatan replies:

If that's the case we'll take some whiskey neat.

The reader should reread the preceding lines so as not to miss the outrageous puns. Shortly afterwards, the punning burlesque gives way to unashamed travesty. Powhatan burst into song with:

O, wid a dudhien I can blow away care, Ochone! wid a dudhien!

Black thoughts and blue evils all melt into air,

Ochone! wid a dudhien!

If you're short any day

*Or a note have to pay,
And you don't know the way
To come out of it clean,
From your head and your heart
You can make it depart,
Ochone! wid a dudhien!*

According to the prelude of *Pocahontas*, the play was derived from an antique Norwegian poem discovered in the armor of a man dug up near Cape Cod by a Chevalier Viking named Long Fello.

The action included countless plot digressions—and more puns. The most striking, in this author's opinion, is still found at the end of this interchange:

Hang on the outer wall, the interlopers!

ALL: *Hang them! Hang them!*

SMITH: *What fault have I committed? Halt!*

POWHATAN: *Ha! Do you falter?*

SMITH: *I jain would halt before I reach the halter.*

*That cord is not my line in any sense.
I'd rather not be kept in such suspense.*

The ruthlessness of the American settler, though, was the ever-present theme. At the end of the play, the cast appeared on stage and sang:

*Grab away
While you may*

*In this game, luck is all
And the prize*

*Tempting lies
In the rich City Hall.*

*Grab away
While you may,*

Every day there's a job.

It's a fact,

By contract

*All intact you may rob.
In their hands were glass ballot boxes,
and allusions were made to the Erie gamble.*

Let their savage burlesque of American greed be ignored, Burton and Brougham followed *Pocahontas* with an even more devastatingly satiric play called *Columbus el Filibustero*. In this work, the Italian's voyage to America was made a gold-grabbing affair, and the Almighty Dollar figured largely "in regal robes, promiscuously attended."

*And all will you see kneel,
Oh, all will you see kneel
Before the great and mighty dollar,
All will you see kneel . . .*

Later in the play, Ferdinand knighted Columbus with these words:

*That in stealing gold you may not cease,
Receive the order of the Golden Fleece.*

The savage satire of *Columbus el Filibustero* was not very subtle. Yet, in many ways it was more human than the burlesques that preceded and followed it. For one thing, Columbus was conceived of as a dreamer and a pathetic figure at once. When Columbus, old and tired, was told to kneel before Ferdinand, the explorer re-

plied, "The rules demand it. I can't, my constitution wouldn't stand it."

It is a great pity that here in the United States, where Gilbert & Sullivan companies always receive such enthusiastic audiences, no sensitive, intelligent and enterprising producer has had the courage to put on Brougham's major burlesques—which rate with the world's great light operas. For there were few national foibles or follies that were left untouched by his copious and candid art. Admittedly, Brougham lacked a great composer. Nevertheless, the spontaneous and fresh Irish, English and Scotch airs he employed are both beautiful and appropriate to his design.

If he is neglected now, he was not ignored by his contemporaries. In little towns along the Ohio, in the cloth and paper camps of California, the mingled songs, dancing, quips and enveloping satire of Brougham's work was as familiar as hardship. Simplified versions, briefer and less trenchant, appeared throughout the United States. The popularity of *Pocahontas* and *Columbus el Filibustero* in an age when news was spread by word of mouth, not TV or radio, attests to their universal appeal.

Despite the mordant, satiric attacks made upon the American public by such geniuses as Brougham, the American audiences apparently enjoyed their own deflation. Being American, they appreciated the boldness of the attack, the undisguised ridicule. Essentially, they enjoyed the subject under fire: themselves. Henri Bergson was right when he said, "The comic comes into being just when society and individual, freed from the worry of self-preservation, begin to regard themselves as a work of art."

"The lawless satire," says Rourke in the book cited above, "was engaged in a pursuit which had occupied comedy in the native vein elsewhere. As if it were willful and human, the comic spirit in America has maintained the purpose—or so it seemed—to fulfill the Biblical Command to 'make all things new.' It was a leveling agent. The distant must go, the past be forgotten, lofty notions deflated. Comedy was conspiring toward the removal of all alien traditions, out of delight in pure destruction or as preparation for new growth."

Burlesque was born as an answer to romanticism. But, if it punctured romantic balloons, it maintained a lusty comic emotion of its own. To destroy fantasies, it employed even greater fantasies. The world of burlesque, which influenced such comic geniuses as Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, was the still familiar native world of phantasmagoria. A myth (like Allen's Alley, for example) was created in the destruction of another myth. The substitute, of course, was an improvement over the original. □

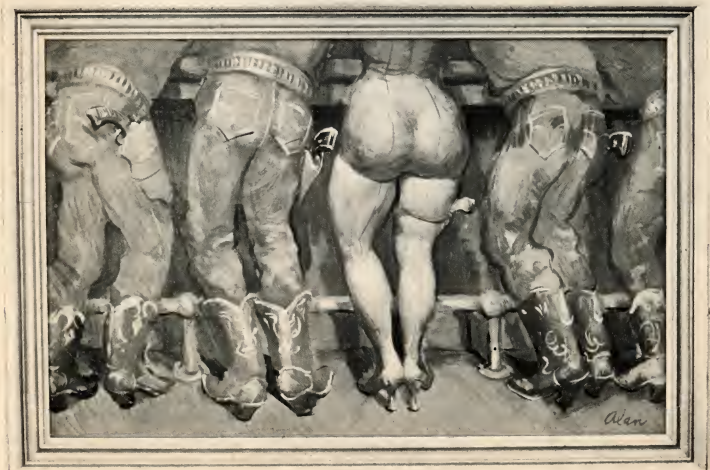


"I thought it was strange the way he stayed so close behind that filly."

MASTERPIECES IN A WATER CLOSET

Don May is a fun-loving Los Angeles restaurateur who collects paintings, but not for him the likes of Gauguin or Picasso or Franz Kline. Don prefers the style of an artist named Allan Woods whose favorite subjects are the barrooms and brothels of the old, wild West. Since home didn't exactly seem the right place to hang his fast-growing collection, Don went out and bought two nightspots in the hope of creating an atmosphere more in keeping with the untrameled paintings. In one of these spots, a Chinese-American restaurant known as the Leilani, he hit upon the perfect gallery for his acquisitions—the men's WC. What you see on these pages is a fair sampling of what meets the unsus-

pecting eye of the visitor to the Leilani john. Well, perhaps not so unsuspecting at that. By now the place has become famous for its unique washroom decor and the ladies, barred from the gallery by a three-letter word (MEN), soon got wind that they were missing an unusual show. So Don got the bold idea to give them a guided tour of the men's room and let them, too, view the risqué paintings of scarlet ladies of the frontier at work and at play. More of Don's collection can be found above the bar in his second L.A. spot, the Gay Nineties. But painter Woods is especially proud of his permanent exhibition at the Leilani; it isn't often an artist finds anything so close to a *completely* captive audience!



PHOTOS/BILL KOBRIN







ciating the attractions of the female sex. A girl employed by an association of scalp doctors in London has a job counting the ratio of bald heads to well-covered ones in theatres, churches and restaurants. The highest ratio for bald heads occurs in strip shows, where the first three rows are usually occupied almost exclusively by men with bald heads or thinning hair.

Latest scientific research into baldness has revealed that for three months in every six years each hair on the head goes on strike and stops growing. When the resting hair begins to sprout again it falls out and from the root a new one grows. In the case of eyelashes and eyebrows, which rarely need trimming, these shorter hairs grow for only a month, then take a rest—which lasts six or seven years.

Though every hair on our heads and bodies is dead, it may wear for years since nothing attacks it. Hair on Egyptian mummies has survived for thousands of years.

Each separate hair is a remarkable thing. Its outer surface is arranged in sections like slates on a roof, and it is screwed into the scalp. It actually has a screw thread which any engineer would recognize under a microscope.

It is a known fact that hair grows faster in summer than in winter, and more rapidly when exposed to sunlight. The usual rate of growth is approximately one-half inch a month. Frequent cutting and shaving do not stimulate the rate of growth of hair, although they may increase its coarseness.

The first, almost imperceptible onset of baldness occurs between the ages of 18 and 21, and unfortunately nearly always passes unnoticed. The vital years are between 20 and 30. On the other hand, if a man has a thin patch at the age of 40 there is no reason why, with proper care, he shouldn't have the same at the age of 60.

Several years ago, the American Medical Association's Committee on Cosmetics made the flat assertion: "If the general health of a man is satisfactory, and loss of hair is progressive . . . medical science does not know of any device, substance or method which will regenerate hair." Today, in the light of recent discoveries, this statement needs modification.

First, though dermatologists are cautious about it, hair transplanting from one section of the patient's scalp to another holds out promise. This new cure is aimed at the universal condition called Male Pattern Baldness, or MPB. This is the kind of gradual hair loss that strikes first at the crown of the head, then spreads out inevitably until all but the sides of the head are hairless. MPB is a hereditary family trait and its victims lose hair because the roots, or follicles, die and can no longer regenerate new hair. The tech-

nical name for this condition is alopecia premature, which means premature hair loss.

The transplanting process, known as "punch and plant," was explained to the American Osteopathic Association recently. A skin biopsy is used to remove from the back of the patient's head a section of the scalp containing about 20 hairs. The hairy plug is then transplanted where a section has been removed from the patient's bald area. A local anesthetic is used and up to 15 plugs can be transplanted at one sitting. The newly transplanted hairs die in about a month, but two months later permanent hair grows back. The process was developed by hair specialist Dr. Norman Orentreich, Assistant Clinical Professor of Dermatology at the New York University Post Graduate Medical School. "We have tested our methods on over 300 patients," said Dr. Orentreich. "In five years there hasn't been a failure yet."

Some cases take about 15 sittings, with between 10 and 20 grafts at each time.

"Every bald man has a different problem," says Dr. Orentreich, "depending on how bald he is and how much hair he has to be transplanted. But now, with this process, a few hours of discomfort and a few hundred dollars can repair bald areas in most men which had long since been given up as hopeless."

There are other, even more exciting indications that a cure for baldness may be in sight. In recent experiments at the University of Pennsylvania, hair growth was stimulated on "bald" scalps for what appeared to be the first time. The treatment involved smearing the scalp daily with testosterone, a powerful male hormone which can have serious side effects when taken internally. One of these is to bring about baldness! Although the hair growth was not dense, medical authorities believe that starting the treatment earlier may serve to restore hair more effectively. A modification of testosterone which does not entail its possible harmful side effects is being sought.

In recent years bald people have taken more and more to using hair pieces which used to be called wigs and toupees. A few years ago you could always detect a toupee and most men preferred to stay bald rather than wear an obviously artificial wig. Then hair pieces that no longer looked like wigs began to appear on the market. You can get any style and any color, crew cut, curly, thick or thin—a faithful reproduction of the hair you used to have or would like to have.

At the same time the wig industry developed processes and adhesives that made it impossible for hair pieces to slip off the scalp.

In temporary baldness, where for some

reason the hair-producing follicles have gone on strike, hair can be restored if the cause can be found, or it may return unaided. In 1926, at Kittanning, Pa., for example, practically every man between the ages of 19 and 40 suddenly became partly bald. Attempts at diagnosis failed. But it was obviously a germ infection of an unusually virulent kind, spread by contact in such places as barber shops and swimming pools. In the end it burned itself out. Kittanning's men found their hair growing again, and the infection disappeared as unaccountably as it had arrived.

Great shock or nervous strain can cause sudden baldness. The *British Medical Journal* reported the wartime case of a Bristol railroad worker who went bald after a heavy air raid on that city. He even lost his eyebrows, though his beard was not affected. In his case ultra-violet treatment of the scalp persuaded the follicles to work again and he soon had a new crop of hair.

If a man hates his boss, despises his wife or is unhappy in his work, a receding hairline may well be the result. This opinion comes from Dr. Sidney Olandskey, a dermatologist at Emory University near Atlanta, Ga. His explanation for some cases of baldness is nerves.

He is convinced that prolonged nervous strain and tension may affect a person's hair. Some traumatic upsets may cause sudden and temporary baldness, but less dramatic tensions may have more permanent results. But he is philosophical about it. "Hair is just about the most unnecessary thing we have," he says. Be that as it may, most of us have a pitiable affection for it.

Dr. Ralph Langer, noted New York dermatologist, says: "Hair can be totally lost as a result of eruptive fevers like typhoid and scarlet, or from inflammatory and infectious disorders like eczema or psoriasis, or from syphilis or tuberculosis and malignant disease of the scalp. Occasionally it is caused by toxic drug ingestion or by nervous shock and emotional tension. Sometimes the hair grows back."

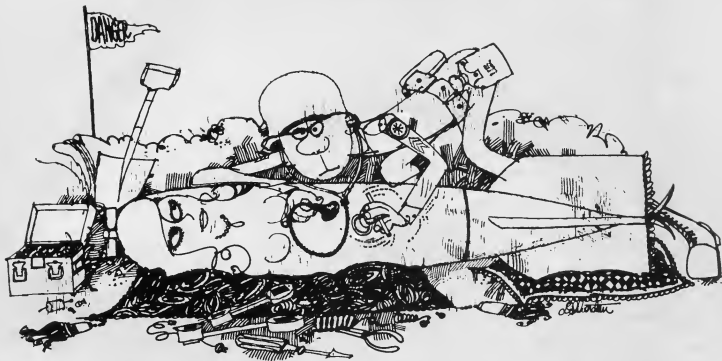
Another kind is caused by trichotillomania—the habit of scratching or pulling at a particular spot on the scalp until baldness develops.

And there is congenital baldness—the kind which causes children to grow up with no hair; or at best, with a sparse fuzz that is abnormal in appearance or hardly visible.

Says Dr. Irwin I. Lubowe, dermatologist of New York Medical College: "More basic research on hair regeneration has been done in the past five years than ever before. The outlook is hopeful."

But the final word of comfort comes from the doctor who said: "Few eminent men in any profession are *not* thin on top, and come to think of it—I've never seen a bald lunatic!" □

rendered harmless



Through a shimmering curtain of hate and late-summer afternoon heat, Corporal Dan Osborne watched Sergeant O'Reilly gingerly approach the bomb.

In accordance with their own set of operating procedures, O'Reilly was out there all alone—with the bomb—while Osborne crouched behind the armor-plated protective screen 150 yards away. Five hundred yards in back of the screen was a rope barricade the police had thrown up to hold back the crowd. The thousand or so spectators, along with the police, were unnaturally silent, ready to duck when the bomb exploded. A television camera had been set up on top of a large truck; an announcer was alongside urgently whispering into his microphone.

O'Reilly had looked at the open-mouthed spectators when he and Osborne arrived in their demolition van. He snarled unhappily, "Look at the cultures," and his voice took on a mimicking sing-song tone, "They came to hear the big boom and see the blood."

Osborne had stared non-committally at the crowd, thinking, "They won't be disappointed, either. The thing's going to go . . . and you along with it, you crude bastard."

Now . . . out there . . . O'Reilly had straddled the bomb, almost as if he were riding a horse, so he could use the stethoscope more effectively.

Through the earphones, Osborne could hear O'Reilly's hoarse breathing. At times, he could even pick up a faint "tick-tick-tick" of the timing mechanism inside the bomb. It sounded like a heart . . . and inside his body, answering vibrations began, and he imagined he could once again feel the little pulse in the throat of O'Reilly's wife as she lay beside him whispering, "He's such a coarse uncouth animal. We could be so happy—you and I—if it weren't for him . . . I love you, Dan . . . Dan . . ."

"Dan! Dan! Did you hear me?" O'Reilly had looked up, and his finger was pointing to his earphones.

"Sorry," Osborne croaked. "What'd you say?"

"For Christ's sake, Kid, don't start day-dreaming on me now. Okay? I said there was only three fuzes. The nose fuze is a simple time delay. It's the one that's been activated. I'm going to defuze that first. I can't quite make out the gimmick on the tail. It's something new to me. You ever laid one of these babies before?"

"No," Osborne lied. There had been one—four years before—in an incident in Turkey. It had blown . . . just as this one was going to do.

O'Reilly grunted and said, "Well, we'll have to make her the hard way then. Just ahead of the tail assembly there's a vane . . . a butterfly vent . . . maybe it was supposed to fly off on ground impact. There's an anti-disturbance device with it . . . going down into the tail fuze well."

Osborne remembered the device all right. It was a hell of an effective trigger, too. His lips formed the words, "Five to two you won't make her, pal." It could

**How is a bomb
like a woman
scorned? A
suggestive
short story
about one
such bomb,
and her
unwilling
lovers.
by Adobe James**

have been a prayer . . . or wishful thinking. And abruptly, O'Reilly's wife was back on his mind. She had walked around the room, nude and teasing, the white curtains blowing in from the soft ocean breeze, the moonlight painting her legs, belly, and breasts the color of new ivory. . . . She looked hurt as Osborne forced her out of his mind—trying to replace her with a memory of what had detonated the bomb in Turkey. He almost had the answer when O'Reilly began talking once again.

" . . . Between the charging well plug and the suspension lug, there's another anti-disturbance fuze. . . . " Osborne watched, full of loathing, yet admiring the man. O'Reilly was so damned methodical. That's why his wife hated him. Unfortunately, that was the one reason Osborne hated to kill him this way; he had been a good demolition partner, and he had never made a mistake. Until now! Every word O'Reilly said was being tape-recorded behind the protective screen. That was in case the bomb detonated. After the dust cleared and the sky had stopped its red rain of O'Reilly's flesh, someone would be able to figure out where he had goofed, and perhaps be able to pinpoint the triggering device. And best of all, for Osborne, it was an alibi for a perfect murder.

"All right, Kid. Here we go. First of all, the nose fuze . . . Baby . . . be good to me . . . "

Osborne saw the wrench flash in the air, and then heard O'Reilly's voice, "Two and a half turns . . . it's turning freely now. Clamps in place. Four turns . . . five turns . . . all right, it's free . . . okay . . . it's coming out, no friction contact, no pressure devices. How does it feel to have me copping feels from you,

baby? You like it, eh?" And a second later, "Okay, I have the nose fuze and adapter booster out . . . no more tick-tock."

He stood up and stretched as a cheer went up from the crowd. Osborne mentally snorted. *Hell, they think she's been de-
fused. They don't know the worst—the
real show—is yet to come.* The crowd quieted down again when O'Reilly stooped and began working on the butterfly vent.

Osborne could feel his heart hammering inside his throat now. It was almost as if he, too, were out there with the bomb. It was a dangerous moment. Any anti-disturbance device is tricky; they are put on a piece of ordnance to keep the area clear until the bomb has a chance to detonate. The device fuzes last indefinitely . . . will never function until they are moved, jarred or otherwise disturbed. Some were so sensitive they would go off with the vibration of a footstep ten feet away. Once Osborne had known a lieutenant with the Fourth who could do wonders with anti-disturbance devices. A brain surgeon in civilian life, the lieutenant had died—along with eight other demolition experts—when a simple little butterfly bomb proved to be too sensitive for him.

"All right, Kid. I'm dismantling the suspension lug assembly to give me more working room."

"Nora," Osborne said to himself, "Nora, honey, here's where you become a widow . . . "

"I'm taking the screws out of the vent. All okay, so far. She loves me, she loves me not . . . she loves me. Vent dismantled! There are four . . . no . . . five! anti-disturbance or activating wires leading from the vent. . . ." It all sounded so familiar to Osborne, even to O'Reilly's discovering

that tiny hidden fifth wire. The words, except for O'Reilly's vulgarities, were identical to those of Captain Sayam, one of the Turkish demolition crew. The Turk had made exactly the same mistake at first, but caught it in time. A few minutes later, though, Sayam was dead. The bomb had gotten him, but Osborne couldn't recall what had gone wrong. Nora had returned again—lips parted, eyes half closed in anticipation of passion, trembling slightly as he caressed the mountains and valleys of her body.

"I'm going to cut the wires, I am reaching for the wire closest to the mounting clip . . . it's cut. No activation. Next wire closest to suspension assembly screw. Okay . . . back to the one by the mounting clip . . ." Osborne was completely lost in a dream of Nora; she was moaning, and she sighed deeply. Out there, O'Reilly had sighed, "Okay, Kid. They're cut. This little bitch likes me; she likes the feel of my hands. Now we're going to take your pants off. . . ."

Osborne was trembling. He blinked a couple of times, realizing he had worked himself up into a fierce state of nerves waiting for the bomb to go. Perspiration was running in rivulets down his face, drip-drip-dripping and making little wet spots in the dust at his feet. The suspense was beginning to get him for the first time since he had entered the demolition service.

The next thing Osborne knew, O'Reilly was saying, just as proudly as a midwife at the birth of twins, "The center fuze and anti-disturbance units are all inoperative. No activation anywhere. Next is the tail fuze." He patted the bomb, "Now . . . are you going to give me a little tail, baby, or do I have to take it?" His crude laughter grated against his partner's ears.

Osborne leaned forward, his hands shaking like those of a palsied old man, his knees strangely drained of strength. The bomb had to go now! But would it? What made it go? The answers were all in his mind, but they proved elusive as shadowy trout in deep water.

O'Reilly recited, "I've dismantled the access cover assembly. . . ."

And a moment later, Osborne saw him look up and grin, and through the earphones came the unwelcome, unexpected message, "Okay, Danny me boy. She's rendered harmless." Wearily, unhappily, Osborne removed his earphones, mentally cursing himself for underestimating the man—mentally cursing the bomb for being so fickle, so like a woman who refuses to do the thing expected of her.

The gall, the anger, the disappointment were all making his throat sandpaper dry as Osborne took the long walk out to the bomb. He nodded and said, "Congratulations. I didn't think you'd be able to make her."

O'Reilly grinned and slapped him on the back. "You gotta know how to handle a broad like this . . . they're all sluts unless you show them you mean business." He handed his wrench and stethoscope to Osborne. "Here you are, Kid. Take a good look at her and her little tricks. Maybe you'll run up against another one some day, and then you'll know how to make her." He glanced out toward the police and crowd, lit a cigarette, looked down at his watch and said, "I'll go tell the suckers it's okay, and make a little speech for the television people." He spat disdainfully.

When Osborne was left alone, he went up to the bomb and ran his hands along its casing. It was as smooth and sleek as Nora's thighs. "Nora," he said softly, "I'm

sorry, honey. I'll take care of him—some way." And he stood there, dreaming, oblivious to everything around him, as desire for the woman stole over his body in a warm contented glow.

O'Reilly ground out his cigarette when he reached the protective screen 150 yards away, and turned around looking back at Osborne and the bomb.

It was then that Osborne's dream ended as abruptly as if he had been awakened with a pitchfork. He remembered something, and the warning bells were clanging madly in his mind. O'Reilly had worked on one of these bombs before . . . in Trieste! But why had he lied about it? And then, everything fell into place; he remembered the other thing about the Turkish bomb. There was a pressure time device buried in the tail fuze well! It had been activated by the removal of the tail fuze! The one in Turkey had gone off four minutes and 23 seconds after the booster was out . . . and six seconds after poor Sayam had screamed in the earphones, "It's started ticking again. There's another fuze . . . it's activated in the tail fuze well. . . ." That's all he'd had time to say, for the earth had erupted in an awesome volcano of steel, dirt, bricks, metal and horrifying, flying fragments of bodies.

Osborne turned and attempted to run on awkward legs that fear had turned to rubber. Behind him, Nora's heart was beating rapidly—faster, faster, faster, as though she were about to reach a climax.

He saw O'Reilly hit the ground alongside the protective screen, then lift his arm and wave; it was almost as if he were waving goodbye to a friend. O'Reilly grinned—it was the same expression he always wore after a particularly troublesome bomb had been rendered harmless. □



"This is the part I like best."

A Way to Make a Living (Continued from page 29)

Kirby was waiting for her at the bar. This boy has a case of the acute hornies, she thought. He's wiggly as hell. Then Kirby's words smacked her right in her bad intentions. "Let's rent a boat and row out on the lake."

O, Aphrodite, doth thy sweet charm fade so quickly in the summer sun that the hornies and the wiggles can be washed away in water?

Joyce's lips pressed tight, and she bit them. She was hungry and nervous and in the back of her mind the thought of Dino kept kicking spots up in front of her. They couldn't afford to take a chance and let this clown get away. She'd just have to put up with all the crap until she could get him piled up so Dino could make the roll.

She started to pull her hand away, but Kirby wouldn't loosen his hold. "By the time I get on that train," he said, "you'll wish I was coming back tomorrow. You don't know it, Miss Westcott, but you got a tiger by the tail. You're a big girl, and you've been around, but you're never going to forget your time with old Kirby."

Joyce didn't try to hide her look of disgust. She jerked back her hand and wanted to spit in Kirby's eye.

Kirby took her head between his big hands, and they were thick-skinned and hard against Joyce's flushed cheeks. He turned her head gently, as if he were caring for a new calf, up and down and to the sides, but he kept his silence, and the lack of words, in contrast to Joyce's flood, cooled the crying animal deep inside her. At last they came, Kirby's words, and there was no edge of anger to them, but only the deep compassion that seemed to pass from the stiff hands.

"You give me a chance, Helen, and I'll do the same for you. Okay?"

Joyce nodded. Helen . . . Helen Westcott, she thought. What a laugh.

They began to walk . . . and they walked, in silence . . . and they walked some more . . . perhaps a mile and a half, to the lake where the boats were.

Kirby paid the attendant and chose a little green rowboat with red oars. He helped Joyce into the boat, and the slight rocking made her utter a tiny scream. Kirby laughed, and the sound was easy, and Theresa Marie Randowski giggled and dropped onto a seat. Kirby took the oars, and it dawned on Marie, Joyce, Helen that she was twenty-seven years old and had never before been in a rowboat.

She could feel the sun on her cheeks and back. She closed her eyes, then shook her head. This ain't getting Dino and me any loot, she thought. This guy better have a load when the time comes. She began to doze.

When Joyce awoke she was lying beneath a tree, and the green boat was bobbing at the dock. For a moment her senses refused to come together, then it all came back, and she realized Kirby had carried her to this grassy spot. She looked around. He was lying flat on his back with a sinewy arm shading his eyes, and he didn't yet know she was awake. Joyce hugged her knees and looked at him, and Kirby, with the sixth sense penetration of eyes boring into him, straightened up.

"You got a pretty good burn, Helen."

That's right, she was Helen on Wednesday. "I know it," Joyce said. "I can feel it, but it doesn't hurt."

"It will tomorrow," Kirby said.

They walked a couple blocks in silence.

The sun was thinning, and the glint on top of Kirby's hair made him look about nine feet tall. God, Joyce thought, this son-of-a-bitch is a giant. We may have to kill him to get his money.

"What's the matter, Helen?"

"Nothing much. I just got a stitch in my side. I'm okay now. Do you like spaghetti? There's a place up the street here called Milano's that has real good Italian meals."

"Sure," Kirby said. "That's fine with me."

When they reached Milano's, Joyce's stomach was growling, and she was so empty that she was almost afraid to eat. Kirby wasn't. He ordered spaghetti and meatballs for two, and a bottle of Chianti.

"I'll bet you thought we never heard of Chianti in Nebraska," Kirby poured. "We've got electric lights and television and everything, even indoor johns."

Joyce smiled, and as the smell of the spaghetti and the warmth of the wine seeped through her, the vast emptiness in her stomach began to disappear. Kirby's voice came to her through mouthfuls of spaghetti. He was talking about cows, Joyce was vaguely aware, and she was surprised to realize that she didn't mind. She ate and listened with one ear to Kirby, while the rest of her mind insisted on dwelling on more immediate questions.

Dino must be having a fit, she thought. I'll catch hell if this thing doesn't come off.

"I thought you didn't drink," Joyce heard herself saying to Kirby.

"I don't, really," he said. "I just never developed a taste for whiskey, but this is kind of a special occasion, and special occasions call for a spot of something . . . like Chianti."

"What are we celebrating?" Joyce asked.

Kirby winked and raised his glass. "We're celebrating getting out of here and going up to your place."

There it was. Put the flower pot in the window, knock him out, and let Dino make the roll. Get the hell away, and that's the last she'd ever see of this farmer with the white socks and flowered shirt.

Joyce emptied her glass. "I'm for that. Let's go."

Kirby hailed a taxi. Joyce had the driver stop on the street behind her apartment. "We'll go in the back way. Too many people around."

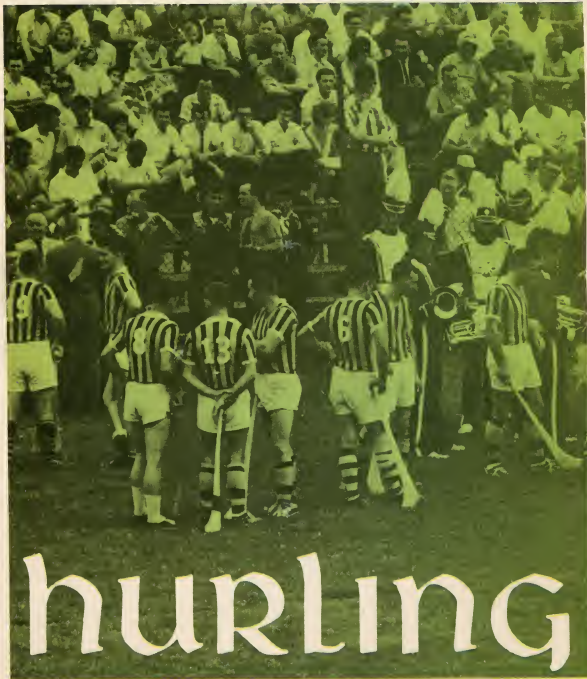
Joyce led Kirby up the back stairs and into the apartment she and Dino used for setups. She didn't live there, but she did keep a toothbrush and a couple dresses around for the sake of appearances . . . plus a bottle of Micky's in the night stand. She switched on the light, and the flower pot seemed to jump out of the glare.

It all happened so fast that Joyce wasn't

(Continued on page 53)



Hurling is Ireland's national sport—but it's taken new root in New York, where every Sunday from March to October, thousands flock to uptown Gaelic Park to witness the action. And there's plenty of action in this historic, rollicking cross between fungo hitting, field hockey and lacrosse. It's played on something like an American football field, 120 yards long, and the 30 hurlers—feet flying, arms swinging, wearing no protective gear except jock straps—throw caution to the winds as they streak back and forth trying to smash the “sliothar,” as Dubliners call the small leather ball. In their hands are the hurleys: short clubs shaped like field hockey sticks but with



home style



Here's proof hurling is no ordinary game. Adjacent photo: Two players are on top of the hurling ball, but it seems to have a mind very much of its own. At right: A high-spirited bit of defensive action. Below: With the goal tender grimly set to stop them, the attack jauntily proceeds.



TEXT AND PHOTOS/HERB FLATOW



the curved ends flattened out to allow for more striking surface. To a first-timer, the spectacle of 30 stick-swinging Irishmen hell bent for leather on the field can be mildly overpowering. The players probably feel the same way. Of the 15 men who comprise a team in this running, thrusting game, it's the goal tender who really has his work cut out for him. In addition to spotting the ball amid the battle dust, he has to sock it a country mile high towards the opposite goal post after a score or penalty shot. The pace-off is similar to that in hockey, but instead of one man from each side, there are three—hence, six in all—who really scramble for the ball. One of them is allowed to dribble it on the side of his hurley and fly down towards the opposition's goal. Should this lucky player send the ball over the top bar, he scores one point, which the referee signals by waving a white flag. If he sends a smash shot into the net beneath a crossbar, the umpire flashes a green flag, signifying a three-point goal. The game goes on for an hour, with no time-outs, notoriously few substitutions and only a 10-minute rest at half-time. Any time a man is caught fouling the opposition by hitting or tripping with his hurley, the injured player's side is allowed a free shot at the goal. The game, as you might suspect, can be hazardous as all get out, and a player has to be in top

physical and mental condition at every point. If he wants to stay alive, he has to run and always keep his stick high and well in front of his face, never dragging it across the ground. Forgetting this cardinal rule is like making a reservation with a reconstructive surgeon. Of course, the Gaelic Athletic Association, which arranges game schedules and so on, maintains a players' insurance fund to pay medical bills resulting from any hurling injuries. Incidentally, the teams that fight it out on the New York field of honor still bear the names of the counties of Ireland, whose historians say that hurling is the world's oldest known game involving a stick and a ball, going back to the days of the Druids and Celtic heroes. Closer to home, it seems that during George Washington's term in office, the three most popular outdoor spectator sports in old New York were: bowling, soccer and hurling. By the late 19th century, crack hurling teams were touring the United States. It remains, however, an amateur sport, and in New York today, which has become the hurling capital of America, it draws its players from just about any profession you can imagine: doctors, lawyers, bus drivers, firemen, students, plainclothesmen, Indian chiefs and even men of the cloth. Almost everyone, in fact, but the faint of heart. For the stout of heart, hurling is great to play—and to see.

sure what was going on. The first thing she knew, Kirby Madden had swept her up and tossed her on the couch. Not violently, but rather matter-of-factly, much as he might toss a bale of hay. He took off her pants and pocketed them.

"I'm taking these back to Nebraska with me," he said.

She sat there on the couch, Theresa Marie Randowski, clad only in her aliases, and for the first time in ten years she tried to cover up her nakedness. Kirby came towards her. She swung to slap him, but he caught her wrist. He slipped his arm under her knees, and lifted her from the couch. His left hand held her head against his chest, and for the first time she was aware of his smell, of soap and after shave, and a tiny bit of sweat from rowing in the park. He stood there a moment, holding her tightly in his arms, then he lowered her to the floor. She looked up at him. For a short moment she thought of trying to slap him again, purely out of principle.

He took off the striped coat and unbuttoned the flowered shirt. In a moment all his clothing was in a pile on the floor, and they held each other in the harsh white glare of the one-hundred-watt bulb. Thoughts and feelings and emotions fought each other inside her, and his great hard body was as gentle as the heavy hands. They stood there and swayed to and fro, clinging to each other.

"Take me to bed, Helen," Kirby whispered in her ear.

And Helen Westcott took Kirby Madden to bed . . . to the bed that had cradled the kid salesman from Los Angeles who cried, and the same bed that was witness to the blood of the old lawyer who had seen Dino stalking in and tried to fight him in his aging honor.

But it was different now, and as her eyes rolled to the back of her head and the flashes and chills chased each other up and down her spine, the flower pot on the night stand seemed to grow to an unbelievable size, almost filling the room. Kirby's chest and shoulders were monstrous, and she twisted and turned and flung wide her arms to gather him to her. Her hand struck the flower pot and sent it crashing to the floor. The smashing sound sent a wild ecstasy pouring through her, and it was as if she had just been cut loose from her bonds. Her body at last relaxed, and Joyce hugged the big farmer from Nebraska as tightly as she could.

They lay there a while without speaking, each wrapped in their own thoughts, but complete in the curiously happy satisfaction of the moment. Joyce finally got up. She fished around in the drawer of the night stand for cigarettes, and found them next to the bottle of Miceys. She lit a couple of smokes, and handed one to

Kirby. He took it and inhaled a huge drag.

"Don't set the joint on fire, Nebraska," Joyce said. "Firemen hate walk-up flats."

They smoked the cigarettes, and Joyce snubbed the butts. Now that it was over, she was trying desperately to decide what to do. Dino must be around someplace, and he was sure to have seen the light.

"Will you go to the train with me, Helen?" Kirby asked.

She swallowed, and there was a stiffness in her throat. "Do you really want me to?"

"Of course I want you to," he replied, "or I wouldn't have mentioned it in the first place."

Joyce kissed him.

They helped each other to dress, and there didn't seem much to say, but there was a communion in their movements and in the lack of words.

"We'll go out the back way and through the alley," Joyce said.

Kirby nodded. "My bags are already in a locker at the station, so we don't have to stop anyplace." He started to switch off the light.

"Leave it on," Joyce said. The feeling permeated her that Dino was close by, probably across the street, and his parasitic presence practically leaped into the room.

They cut through the back way and hailed a taxi, settling against the cushions. Joyce took Kirby's hands in hers and played with the big knuckles and thick fingers. She wasn't sure whether it had been a long day or a short one, a good day or bad. The crash of the flower pot still rang in her ears, and the back of the driver's head looked liked Dino's.

The taxi stopped and they got out. Kirby paid the driver. The train was already loading, and Kirby hurried her to the locker. He took out the bags, and Joyce grabbed him by the arm.

There was very little time. Kirby kissed her. "I'll be back, Helen."

Joyce nodded. She knew it was a nice lie. Then the big man was gone.

Joyce decided the only thing to do was get the whole goddam mess over with once and for all. She began to walk back to the apartment. She didn't care how long it took . . . the longer the better. The sunburn was tingling now, and she raised a hand to her cheeks. It all seemed so long ago. It was past midnight now, and a new day was beginning.

Joyce went in the front way. She had left the door unlocked. Dino was waiting for her, slumped in the old overstuffed chair, dragging on a smelly cigar. They looked at each other. Dino got up and slouched across the room. Joyce stood

(Continued on page 60)



"Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Jr."



more monica

When Monica Jordan's picture appeared, unidentified, on our front cover two issues back, the response was extraordinary. Mostly, readers wanted to know two things: who she was, and how they could see more of her. Well, now it can be told. To see more of Monica, all you have to do is turn the page. The first question is almost as easily answered, since Monica talked quite freely about herself when these luxurious photos were taken. Being photogenic comes easy to





Monica, who's been a model most of her life. But while she may have been a child model, she was never a model child. At the age of twelve, in England (where she grew up) she ran away from home with a traveling carnival, which she says provided her with her most valuable training in the performing arts. Even then, though, Monica was much too beautiful to hide for very

long, so that when newspapers throughout the countryside printed her photo she was soon "apprehended" and sent back to school. In spite of this, she left home a few more times; the last time for good. She describes herself as always running away from somewhere or something—always wanting more freedom than the world can offer. So don't look too long, or . . .

PHOTOS/ED ALEXANDER





1



2



3



4



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quietly transports itself from city to city overnight.

Such a cruise ship is the S.S. Acapulco, a 25,000-ton air-conditioned Mexican luxury liner which opened cruise operations between Los Angeles and Acapulco in recent years. The cruise turns out to be a thirteen-day affair, year-round, which includes a call at Mazatlán as well as Acapulco, plus a three-day land tour that takes in Taxco, Cuernavaca, and Mexico City all as part of the package. The ship is the former S.S. Nassau previously operated by the Ingres Line on Caribbean cruises. It was purchased by the Naviera Turística Mexicana Corporation (Natumex for short) of Mexico City, given a million-dollar remodeling job, and is now the first ship ever to fly the Mexican flag and engage in cruise service. Because it is heavily financed by the Mexican Government, which considers tourism an essential national industry to be encouraged at all times, the cruise rates are moderate—\$325 to \$640 per person, which includes everything. While in port, the ship itself serves as hotel.

What this means for an American, with two weeks to kill and a few hundred dollars to kill them with, is this: he can wend his way to Los Angeles and have a two-week-long party that includes an extensive tour of Mexico, all for about the same price he would pay if he spent the same time living it up in Las Vegas—without gambling.

Cruise ships go to considerable lengths offering passengers a wide selection of diversions while at sea, as promised in the fine old slogan, "Getting there is half the fun!" An airplane, no matter how large and how pretty the hostesses, is a profound bore to anyone used to flying, and it is this air-weary trade that cruise liners are trying to lure back with their unhurried luxury and unlimited carousing (in a genteel way). The itinerary for the S.S. Acapulco's thirteen-day trip conforms to this policy. During the days at sea, guests (distinguished from airplane "passengers") are regaled with an unending series of activities and entertainment: trap shooting, concerts, bullfight lessons, Cinemascope movies, talent shows, beauty contests, Spanish lessons, costume parties, swimming, bingo, deck games, and a cocktail hour which lasts all day. Evenings, of course, are devoted to dancing, drinking, and parties, or whatever else resourceful people can arrange. The S.S. Acapulco is a one-class ship, which means all programs and facilities are available to any of its six hundred passengers.

The ship docks at Mazatlán early on the fourth day of the cruise, giving passengers a chance to go ashore for the usual sight-seeing and relaxation in that resort and fishing city. Then, on the morning of the

sixth day, the ship reaches Acapulco and passengers have the choice of seeing the town and later beginning a three-day tour through Taxco, Cuernavaca, and Mexico City, or of spending five full days in Acapulco.

Those who stay in Acapulco need not fear boredom. The city itself is beautiful—dazzlingly modern hotels set into the hills which slope down to miles of beach and a deep, blue bay. Acapulco, by any standards, is the Riviera of the Americas, due to its geography, topography, and its excellent climate which, curiously enough, was brought about by an 18th century governor who thought the town too warm in the summer and set his men to work carving away a hill to let in the ocean breezes. Consequently, the climate is now semi-

MEXICAN TRAVEL INFORMATION

TRAVEL DOCUMENTS: U. S. and Canadian citizens need no passports to visit Mexico, but must carry proof of citizenship and a Mexican Tourist Card, which can be obtained for \$3 at any Mexican Consulate or Mexican Government Tourist Bureau.

VACCINATION: A valid smallpox vaccination certificate is required, and must state that the last vaccination took place within three years prior to the date of re-entry into the U.S. The U.S. Public Health Service has free vaccination facilities at ports of entry.

U.S. CUSTOMS: Returning U.S. residents are permitted to bring home \$100 worth of merchandise duty free.

CRUISE INFORMATION: Naviera Turística Mexicana, S.A., 3105 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles.

tropical, with temperatures seldom exceeding eighty degrees during the tourist season, which lasts from mid-December through mid-April. The off-season tends to be rainy, but while this would discourage beach activities, the nightlife is unaffected and the prices somewhat lower, so the place stays busy year-round.

Acapulco is an expensive city by Mexican standards, but reasonable by American. The two hundred or so better hotels are not cheap by anyone's standards, but this is of no concern to cruise passengers who use the ship for what little sleeping goes on. Of more interest are the city's beaches and its nightlife, which are Acapulco's two major attractions. The water in the bay is widely acclaimed for its clearness, its warmth, and its pretty girls who flock there from all over the world to participate in daily bikini contests. Unannounced winners are unofficially chosen by unofficial judges who are nonetheless skilled at estimating skin-to-cloth ratios. The town is full of people who come to Acapulco for the single purpose of living the Good Life, which includes nightlife, so between the outdoor and indoor pursuits Acapulco swings twenty-four hours a day.

Acapulco's bay has both breeze and

water, therefore boats, therefore plenty of sailing activity and water sports even aside from swimming. Boats of every kind can be chartered or rented at the public docks for sailing, skin diving, water skiing, touring the secluded, jungle-surrounded lagoons, or visiting near-by islands.

Nightlife, of course, includes nightclub entertainment which runs the predictable gamut from polished shows featuring Mexico's most popular performers, to the less polished but more spectacular exhibitions by skilled bump-and-grind artists. (*La Trecet* without any clothes on has to be seen to be appreciated.) Merriment is the city's industry, and production is high, but to find out where it's highest consult your friendly taxicab driver who knows far more about such things than the chamber of commerce.

Daylife, too, is interesting, and not all of it is on the beaches. Acapulco has its share of fascinating markets and quaint, twisting streets in the older parts of town, as well as an ancient fort built in the 1600s to protect the early Spanish settlement. Cannon still poke over ramparts fronting the harbor, and a drawbridge still crosses the original moat, but the fort itself now accommodates a huge outdoor theatre seating 2,500 for plays, ballets, and concerts. Of course, there is a bullring—Plaza de Toros Caletilla—which features the country's best matadors during the season (roughly January through March).

At least one evening, preferably more than one, should be spent on the terraces of La Perla, one of Acapulco's finest supper clubs, from which can be watched the highdiving spectacle that takes place on the close-by cliffs of La Quebrada. Twice every evening, around ten-thirty and midnight, torch-carrying divers plunge off the 136-foot-high cliff and down into a narrow inlet, to the oohs and aahs of even the most blasé spectators.

Besides the public forms of entertainment in Acapulco, there are, of course, plenty of private parties to which the resourceful person can wangle an invitation. Meeting people isn't hard—and the places to do it are the public beaches, especially during the morning hours, and the currently popular bars and lounges during the afternoon. In this regard, the person arriving via cruise ship has the advantage in that he's had several days to establish party groups which already are functioning efficiently by the time Acapulco looms in the distance. Having shifted party operations to the land, the next thing to do is to scour the bars and beaches for any of the bikini set who are wondering what to do that evening, and whom to do it with.

Prices for all these goings-on? About the same as in any large American city, only the customer gets more for his money in terms of good food, good service, and elegant surroundings.

Acapulco does not have to be the only

city at the end of the outbound cruise, of course. Those who want to cover more ground can elect to spend three of their five days taking the land tour by air-conditioned bus or limousine.

Taxco is the first stop, with a day of wandering around in one of Mexico's oldest and most fascinating cities. The town was founded as a silver mining community in 1529 and is maintained partly by the Mexican Government as an example of a colonial town. No one is allowed to build new buildings which would detract from the architectural atmosphere that tourists find so quaint and colorful. Cuernavaca, the second stop and a short one, is a popular Mexican health resort and watering place for aristocrats and retired artists. One of its attractions is an old palace built by Cortez, and since muralized by Diego Rivera.

A day and a half is spent in Mexico City, and no other place in North America approaches the Mexican capital for international and cosmopolitan atmosphere, and for spectacular contrast between the old and the new. Downtown streets are lined with the massive, modernistic skyscrapers for which Latin America is noted, but close in their company is the spacious Zócalo, or Constitution Plaza, ringed with ancient, ornate Spanish Government buildings and cathedral dating back to the sixteenth century, which are themselves built upon the ruins of an Aztec temple still centuries older. It is a city of things to see and do—

gardens, palaces, bullfights, museums, restaurants, nightclubs, jai alai, cathedrals, people. One and a half days only whet the appetite.

Recognizing this, the S.S. Acapulco, unlike most cruise ships, provides also for a one-way trip at half the regular prices, dumping one in Acapulco to fend for himself as long as he wishes, and to return in his own good time. Thus one enjoys the luxury of a shipboard cruise before embarking upon his own do-it-yourself tour of a foreign country, to go wherever whim dictates—though usually to Mexico City at some point—at the more than reasonable first-class bus and train rates of one-to-two cents a mile. (Second class buses are a blood sport in Mexico, and best suited only to those whose hearts lust for high adventure.) In the interior of Mexico, prices for anything are downright cheap—clean hotels for a dollar or two a night, and meals from fifty-cent lunches to two-dollar feasts. (But fend off The Bug with a supply of little pills sold at drug stores. If the pharmacist doesn't speak English, and you don't speak Spanish, just look queasy and he'll fetch what you need.)

Lacking time, cash, or inclination to tour the entire country, there's still one thing to look forward to when the time runs out on Mexico. This, of course, is the four-day homeward cruise aboard ship, which, when done properly, puts one finally into Los Angeles with memorable hangover. □

Living (Continued from page 53)

there. Dino hit her hard, across the mouth, and the girl went spinning against the bookcase. She came back, and he hit her again, sending her to her knees. Joyce stayed on the floor, and her eyes centered on his long, manicured fingernails. A shudder ran through her, but not from the blows. They had hurt very little, though her lip was cut. Dino twisted the long fingers in her hair and bent back her head.

"Tried to chisel me, didn't you? Where's my share of the roll?"

Dino could see into the bedroom, and was surprised at the calmness of her voice. "I went through all his clothes when he was in the toilet," she lied, "and he only had a few dollars."

Dino slapped her. "Honest, honey," she said. The lies were coming faster and easier now. "He had a couple traveler's checks and that was it. All I got from him was ten bucks."

"Give it to me . . . NOW!" Dino emphasized the words with a twist of her long hair.

"Sure, baby." She got up from the floor and found her purse. Joyce raked around inside and found her ten-dollar bill wadded in a corner. She handed him the money. Dino took it and straightened it out, putting it in his pocket. He kissed her, and she put her arms around him. Dirty, rotten son-of-a-bitch, she thought.

Dino could see into the bedroom, and the broken flower pot caught his eye. "So what happened there?" he asked.

"The big bastard knocked it out of my hand when I tried to put it in the window. Maybe he figured it was a signal."

"Do you love me, Joyce?" Dino asked.

"Sure, sweetie, you know I do," she said. Fall down the stairs, she thought.

Dino squeezed her throat. "You better come up with a real live one today." The garlic was strong on his breath, and Joyce tried to turn her head. "'Cause if you don't, I'm gonna kick the hell out of you."

Joyce ran her fingers through his mop of hair. "Don't worry, Dino. I'll make up for today. I got my eye on a sucker who's loaded."

"Make damn sure you do. Call me when you're ready, and don't miss again."

He kissed her. "See you later," he said. The door closed behind him.

Theresa Marie Randowski just stood there, in the middle of the dirty room, and the apartment swam with rowboats and wine bottles and greasy hair and white teeth and gentle hands and violent fists.

"You better come up with a real live one today." Joyce saw the words etched on the blue waters of the little lake.

Slowly she sank to the floor. Inch by inch, little by little, she stretched out to her full length. Finally, the tears began to come. □



"Go on and take the picture. He would've wanted it this way."



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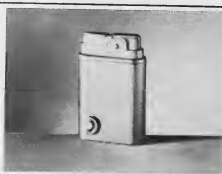
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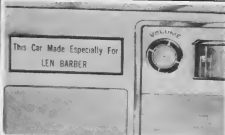
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BOOKS

PLATZO AND THE MEXICAN PONY RIDER, by Theodore Isaac Rubin (Trend Press, \$4.95). Theodore Rubin, the author of the novel on which the prize-winning movie *David and Lisa* was based, has produced a second set of fictionalized case histories of startling penetration. The protagonist of *Platzo* is Arthur Turbitsky, the intelligent, sensitive son of a middle-class family. The Mexican pony rider is a rootless slum kid who wanders the city by day and returns at night to a squalid apartment. In spite of the superficial dissimilarity of their lives, the reader sees that the two are struggling with the same dilemma. Neither can contact those around him; neither feels he belongs anywhere. Both are outsiders, alien observers; both are fighting the lonely adolescent struggle to find a place in a meaningless society. This book cannot fail to bring the reader some insight into his own problems.

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY, by John Gosling and Dennis Craig (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.50). Although this seven-million-dollar hold-up, which took place in England in the summer of '63, has yet to be fully solved, the authors (one an ex-Scotland Yard detective) deftly guide us through the maze of events that are known to be true, then launch into a series of intriguing speculations about the remaining mysteries. Who was behind the plan? Why was the robbery bungled so badly? Where is the bulk of the stolen money now? Speculation, of course, has a way of being much more interesting than certainty and one doubts that the story would seem so taut and peculiarly urgent were all the answers known.

BILL ROBINSON'S BOOK OF EXPERT SAILING, by Bill Robinson (Scribner's, \$6.50) is a brisk, comprehen-

sive guide for both experienced sailors and ambitious novices who want to get the maximum performance out of their boats. Robinson combines his own professional knowledge with the special know-how of top racing sailors, who reveal their secrets about various specialized aspects of equipment or racing tactics. Incidentally, the information Robinson provides on organizing and administering racing programs is not to be found, as far as we know, in any other general book on sailing.

THE NIGHT PEOPLE'S GUIDE TO NEW YORK (Bantam Books, \$1.00) is an extremely useful, readable new handbook for anyone planning to be in New York after dark. Over 1,000 listings of night services and facilities tell you, for example, where to hire a babysitter or play billiards at four in the morning; where to buy aspirin or cash a check at five. All this was compiled by three New York "night people," Gilman Park, Jr., Jack Rennett and Jane Wagner, who assure us that every listing was personally investigated and approved. The result is a really flavorful and often surprising little book, full of warm feeling for New York in the wee hours; it should even intrigue readers who have never been there and never will.

HAILE SELASSIE: THE CONQUERING LION, by Leonard Mosley (Prentice-Hall, \$6.95). An important biography by a distinguished biographer, this is not an "official" or "authorized" life of the Ethiopian Emperor; its opinions and judgments are the author's own. At the same time, Selassie knew it was being written and he, his family and his Ministers apparently cooperated in the research. The blend of scholarship and analysis is quite worthwhile, and the book is handsomely designed and printed.

RECORDS

THE ORIGINAL SOUND OF THE TWENTIES (Columbia C3L 35, \$11.98). Great for parties intimate or large, this three-record Columbia album features the sound of many well known artists and soloists with that "way-back-when" feeling. Guaranteed to summon nostalgia are such selections as "Nobody's Sweet-

heart" with Paul Whiteman and orchestra, "My Kinda Love" with The Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra, "The Blue Room" with Joe Venuti and His Blue Four, "St. Louis Blues" with Louis Armstrong and His Orchestra, "The Varsity Drag" with Cass Hagan and His Park Central Orchestra (Louis Armstrong, vocalist), "In a Mist" with Bix Beiderbecke, "Someone to Watch Over Me" with George Gershwin, and many more . . . forty, to be exact.

NINA SIMONE: I PUT A SPELL ON YOU (Philips PHM 200-172, \$4.98). There is no other female vocalist quite like Nina Simone, and the twelve incandescent performances on this record should help her growing popularity along. She can be many things: tender ("One September Day"), hypnotic ("I Put a Spell on You"), childlike ("Beautiful Land"), intensely meaningful ("Feeling Good"). She is almost always worth listening to. You should find this record difficult to resist.

AFTER THE FALL (Mercury OCM-4-2207, \$19.92; OCS-4-6207, \$23.92). A Mercury press release announces, "We feel we have a jump on the rest of the industry in bringing to the public the best form of culture." Is Arthur Miller's autobiographical Lincoln Center hit the best form of culture? Opinions certainly differ, but those with enough time and money to spare will be pleased to know that they can now buy this effectively spoken replica of the original cast performance, including Barbara Loden in the Marilyn Monroe part, and decide for themselves. Or is life too short?

BEETHOVEN: SONATAS FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO. A major, Op. 12, No. 2; A minor, Op. 23; G major, Op. 30, No. 3. David Oistrakh, violin; Lev Oborin, piano. (Philips PHM 500-033, \$4.98; PHS 900-033, \$5.98). This recording presents some of the finest musicianship we've heard in a long time. The ensemble and balance displayed in these performances leave little to be desired. The works themselves are a worthy addition to any library and should please even the most discerning collector of Beethoven.

THE GREAT ROMANTIC PIANO CONCERTOS (Columbia D3L 315, \$9.98; D3S 715, \$11.98) is a bargain-priced three-record set in which Philippe Entremont plays the big Grieg, Rachmaninoff and Tchaikovsky concerti and then offers some Rachmaninoff preludes plus the "Paganini Rhapsody" as a bonus. This is piano playing that almost everyone should find exciting, and an unusually economical way of obtaining the music.

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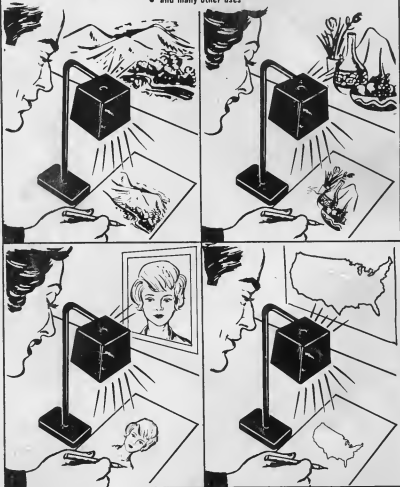
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